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"A MOTHER'S MEMORY."

AN EMOTIONAL DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

SAMUEL J. SIMMONS.

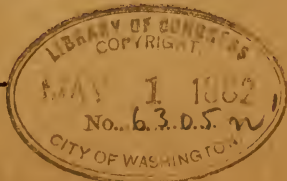
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BOSTON, MASS.

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Plot, Dialogue, Incidents, Scenery and Characters.



**BOSTON:
PRESS OF THE FRATERNITY,
1882.**

A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

CHARACTERS.

DAN O'MANN, a true Irish friend (MR. C. H. FIELDING.)

TOM KIMBALL, a young Inventor.

MR. MERCER, alias West, his own worst enemy.

PEDRO, an Italian Padrone.

MR. FISKE, a New York Banker.

DAVID WILSON, a Sailor.

OLD CRAMPS, a Miser.

SQUIRE FAIRMONT, Sheriff and Postmaster in Tombstone, Arizona.

POLICEMAN, looking for Dan.

LAWYER FARLEY, susceptible, but square.

MR. RAVINE, Proprietor of Ravine's Garden, Tucson, Arizona.

CAPT. U. S. ARMY.

MISER'S MEXICAN SERVANT.

DAVY, an Orphan Lad (MISS MAGGIE WALKER).

FLORENCE, Daughter of Mr. Fiske,

AUNT JANE, an Old Maid, with weak nerve.

KITTY, who is breaking Dan's heart.

Mexicans, Miners, Soldiers, Ladies, Children, &c.

A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

Opening Music at rise of Curtain—a Waltz.

ACT I—SCENE I.

Parlor of Solon Fiske, New York banker, C. D., backed with bay window, fancy fireplace, mantle-piece of marble with fancy clock on, portrait hanging over mantle-triangle box D. L., in flat D. R., first entrance, portrait over D. L., one each side of C. D., very large one over fireplace, of a lovely woman; parlor table R, book stand L., full set of furniture, cases on mantle, flower pots in bay window; this to be a very fine scene; piano L; conservatory R. of C. D. to triangular marble floor in Conservatory.

MISS FLORENCE (*at piano*). Aunt Jane, we must not put off shopping another day. I am really beginning to look shabby [*runs fingers lightly over keys*].

AUNT JANE (*in lounging chair, embroidering*). Oh, Florence, I could not think of it to-day; my nerves are in such a state and the weather looks so threatening; then, Mr. Mercer is expected, and he is *such* delightful company, a perfect gentleman, and talks so beautifully. (*Aside*)—Ah! if I were but a young girl!

MISS FLORENCE [*rising and passing to back of Aunt's chair*]. Now, Aunt, don't disappoint me to-day! I'm sure you look much better than yesterday. I'll be so careful of you! Then you can sit in the carriage and watch the sights, while I am shopping.

AUNT JANE. No, no, my dear; I am not strong enough. In my weak state a shopping tour would quite unfit me for the parlor for a week. No, no; it is not to be thought of for an instant. My dear, please pass my smelling-bottle [*places her hand to her forehead*].

MISS FLORENCE [*looks on table, but fails to find it*]. The bottle is not here, I will ring for Kitty. [*Rings bell on table*]. You must have left it in your room.

KITTY [*enters D. L.*]. Did you ring, Miss?

MISS FLORENCE. Go to Aunt Jane's room and bring her smelling-bottle. [*Kitty exits E. R.*]

AUNT JANE. Alas, Florence, I am not long for this world, I am fast breaking up.

MISS FLORENCE [*stroking her Aunt's forehead*]. Don't speak so, dear Aunt. You will soon be stronger. You know I haven't been home but a week. Why, a month under my care, and even your friend Mr. Mercer will scarcely know you. [*The Aunt's face brightens at the mention of his name. Enter Kitty with bottle; Passes it to F.*]

MISS FLORENCE [*gives bottle to Aunt, who takes it and raises it to her nose*]. Thank you, Kitty: there, you look quite like yourself now, and I'm sure a ride in the fresh air will do you good. What do you think, Kitty? [*Raises her finger to Kitty for her to approve.*]

KITTY. Indeed, the fresh air *so* becomes her, for only the other day, coming from a nice ride, Mr. Mercer said Miss Fisher's cheeks bloomed like roses. [*Aside*]. (He meant Miss Florence, though) and he is *such* a nice gentleman.

MISS FLORENCE. [*To Kitty, aside.*] Kitty you are a jewel.

KITTY. [*Aside.*] That's what that wild Irishman always says.

AUNT JANE. I do feel better, Florence, and Kitty, those gloves you were admiring are a little large for me, you shall have them, for you are a good girl, Kitty.

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KITTY. [*Aside.*] I wish her velvet cape would grow the same way. [*Exits D. L.*]

AUNT JANE. [*Rises and is escorted to door by Florence.*] There, Florence, I shall soon be ready.

MISS FLORENCE. I know you will feel better, Aunt, for only yesterday I heard Papa say he wished Aunt Jane would ride out more, and Mr. Mercer said yes, you needed the fresh air, but such charming ladies were seldom seen outside their homes.

AUNT JANE. [*With languishing air.*] Ah! such gentlemen as Mr. Mercer are indeed rare, Florence; but I shall soon be ready, and, dear, I believe I must make quite a number of purchases myself; though when your mother and I were girls, fine clothes were as rare as heavy purses; but, Florence, we were very, very poor, and the times are so changed.

MISS FLORENCE. But, Aunt, you and dear Mother had what is far better than fine clothes or rich jewels, for in happy, happy childhood you had a tender mother's loving care; 'tis true, I have silks and jewels, and a grand home, and a dear, kind, indulgent father, and a second mother in yourself: but I never saw my own dear mother. [*Falls on Aunt Jane's neck.*]

AUNT JANE. There, my child, don't weep; Aunt Jane will try to be what your own dear mother would have been. [*Kisses her and exits D. L.*]

MISS FLORENCE. [*Passes to picture over fireplace.*] Oh, my Mother! God assist me to follow that path, which, had you been spared, you would have chosen as the one for my young feet. Oh! why were you taken from me when happiness was just crowning your young life? You, whose early yet happy home was the abode of poverty, taken from one who had learned to love you in your happy school-days? Poor father, he will never, never marry again. [*Wipes her eyes, turns and sees Davy in doorway. Starts back in astonishment.*]

DAVY. [*Enters C. D., and stands; cue my young feet; removes his hat at once.*] Beg your pardon, Miss, I ought not to come up, but I'm only Davy, Davy the newsboy; [*Wipes his eyes, which are filled with tears.*] Please, Miss, there was no one down stairs, and I—I wanted the money so bad, Miss, I came right up; I'm very, very sorry; it wasn't polite, indeed it wasn't. [*Bows and turns to go, weeping.*]

MISS FLORENCE. Stay, my lad, you are weeping; are you hungry?

DAVY. No, Miss, not hungry for anything to eat, but so hungry for my dear, dear mother [*Tossing the curls off his forehead.*] For a mother's love or a mother's care is what Davy the patched and friendless newsboy never knew. And when I heard you, dear lady, speak that name, you, the rich banker's daughter, with this fine home, and everything so nice, I couldn't go away; indeed I tried, but there was glue on my shoes, Miss, and so I just listened, and when I heard those sweet words, the sweetest I ever heard, the tears would come; and so I stopped; I knew 'twas wrong, Miss, I do know better, though I am a poor, homeless, friendless boy. Why, I would give more for a kind word from you, Miss, than all the gold watches in the Bowery.

MISS FLORENCE. Come in, my lad. [*Sits in an arm-chair.*] So you have no mother—and no home?

DAVY. [*Comes to centre.*] No Mother, lady; I have a home, [*looks around as if in fear of some one overhearing him*], but you wouldn't call it one.

MISS FLORENCE. Where do you live, and who takes care of you?

DAVY. In an alley near South street, with Pedro. [*He shudders at the name.*] I sell papers for him.

MISS FLORENCE. Is this man kind to you?

[illegible]

DAVY [*He smiles, then a scared look comes over him as he looks about him*]. Not always, Miss; but I don't complain; I can stand it; if he's too hard on me, Tom Kimball gives it to him. I've had better times since Tom came to live next door. [*He smiles*]. Tom ought to be rich, Miss, he's so good and speaks so kindly to the poor newsboy, and then, Miss, he's just handsome, he is, and talks like a preacher if he does wear poor clothes.

MISS FLORENCE. But you have forgotten your bill for papers.

DAVY. Oh no, Miss; I couldn't forget that—for when I don't bring the money I get no supper, and perhaps an awful licking, less Tom is at home.

[*Enter KITTY, D. L.*] What, you here, and in the parlor; why didn't you wait in the kitchen? [*Davy looks ashamed, and backs towards door C.*].

MISS FLORENCE. Never mind, Kitty, I kept the boy for a chat; and mind, always pay him promptly, for he has no father or mother.

KITTY [*With a kind look*]. Miss Florence, I wouldn't speak cross to Davy, for a new dress; but, Miss, there's a poor young man at the basement door, who wants to know if the piano needs tuning; he looks respectable, Miss, and very hungry and tired, too.

MISS FLORENCE. I don't think of anything, Kitty; then I am going out; you can give him something to eat, and tell him to call again. [*Davy slips out*].

KITTY. I will Miss. [*Starts for the door—Aside*]. She's just the kindest lady in the whole city. [*Enters Davy, face all smiles*]. Well, I never; here's that boy again,

DAVY. Beg your pardon, ladies, but its Tom, my friend Tom, and he's so hungry; Oh, Miss, please give him the money for the papers. [*With pleading look*]. He's got to pay his rent tonight or be put out, and I can stand a licking, Miss; I've got used to it now, and Tom's such a good friend, he's been so kind.

[KITTY, *wiping her eyes*]. Please, Miss Florence, do give the man a job; let him mend the lounge or tune the piano.

MISS FLORENCE. Well, bring him up, Kitty. [*Exit Kitty. Davy starts to go*]. Stay, my lad. [*Takes money from her purse*]. Here is something for yourself. [*Davy takes money with a bow*]. So you love this friend?

DAVY. Love him, I guess I do. He's stood between me and Pedro many a time.

[*Enter KITTY, followed by Tom, a shabbily dressed young man, with white hands and handsome open countenance. He has a box under his arm*]. This is the man, Miss. [*Tom bows and smiles at Davy*].

MISS FLORENCE. You repair furniture and tune pianos, I understand.

TOM [*Centre, hat in hand*]. Yes, Miss, I have had considerable experience in that line and are both reasonable in my charges, and, pardon me Miss, if it seems egotistical, and thorough in my work. [*Kitty and Florence seem surprised at his tone and language*].

MISS FLORENCE. Well, Kitty, you may give him a chance to prove his skill. And you, my lad [*turns to Davy*], never go away without your money. [*Exit D. C.*]

KITTY [*pointing to piano*]. The piano needs tuning, and when you are done, I'll give you some dinner.

DAVY. May I stay a few minutes, Miss?

KITTY. Why, yes, my boy, but don't let the old lady catch you here. [*Exit D. L.*]

TOM [*puts box on table*]. Davy, I'm in luck, and to think that we should meet together in this fine house. [*He commences to tune piano; Davy looks on*].

(*Enters Aunt, D. L. Screams and nearly faints, but is caught by Florence, who is just entering.*) Oh, my nerves; oh, Florence, where did those horrid creatures come from? (*Stagger.*) My bottle, quick, (*falls into chair.*)

MISS FLORENCE. My Aunt, 'tis only a man to tune the piano, and Davy our newsboy,

AUNT JANE. Do you get men from the poorhouse to tune pianos?

MISS FLORENCE. Why, Aunt Jane, you surprise me. (*Tom's face flushes; he rises, bows politely, Davy sneaks out unobserved, D. C. Tom goes to work again.*)

AUNT JANE (*recovering*). There, I feel better,—but scarcely strong enough for a ride, Florence.

MISS FLORENCE. (*With a disappointed look.*) Why, I'm sure, Auntie, you look quite strong, and if we start now, we shall reach home about the time Papa and Mr. Mercer are expected.

AUNT JANE. Well, I will try, Florence. [*Rises and leans on Florence's arm. Florence turns and sees Tom with his head in his hands exits D. D.*]

Music—Mother's Grave—Until Mercer on.

TOM (*thinking*). KITTY enters D. L.] Ah! life is tough; starving at 23, what will it be at 40? But old box, you won't let me starve. [*Looks at box on table*]. No, no, poverty will soon end with Tom Kimball. [*Rising*]. There, I've done a pretty fair job. (*Looks at him*). Well, this is a fine home, just such a home as I knew five years ago; and such a sweet girl, so beautiful, so gentle. Heaven indeed will bless the man, who marries this lovely daughter of wealth. (*KITTY nods approval and smiles. TOM sees picture on wall, and words "My Mother" over it. Her mother must be dead, poor girl. (Reverently lifts his eyes to Heaven, and with hand raised) Heaven shower the path of your fair child with earth's richest flowers, for so noble a maid, could only have blossomed forth beneath the protecting arm of a mother, lovely and generous like herself. (Drops his head upon his hands). Yes; I had such a mother, known I did, though I never saw her. Again, God bless your memory, and God bless you child. (Glances about room, sees picture on table, bends over with deep emotion). Yes, she is indeed lovely, everything about this home of wealth is patterned after its lovely mistress. Even the maid, the sprightly little maid is almost as pretty as her mistress. (Kitty smooths her hair and dress; and smiles through her tears, which Tom's word had brought forth). I wonder if I shall ever be rich, and—yes,—(Starts up and lifts his hand to Heaven). Yes; I will be rich, who knows, even the poor occupant of a tenement house in South street, may—Oh no, I dare not speak it; yes, 'tis no harm; I can at least (Look R. and L.), kiss her picture. (Kisses picture twice, weeping).*

[*Enter MERCER C. D. and stops.*] What's this Miss Kitty,—a tramp and in the drawing room?

TOM. Starts up at "tramp," turns and sees Mercer, and is embarrassed at being caught looking at picture.] I—came to—

MERCER. You came. you,—now I look closer, you are one of the "South Street gang."

KITTY. Please, sir, he was only tuning the piano.

MERCER. Silly girl, are you not aware that such characters, to gain entrance to the houses of the wealthy, pass themselves off as gasmen, water pipe men, &c.

KITTY. Oh, sir, I only—

MERCER. Never mind, you are not to blame. [*To Tom*]. Get you gone; you have the cut of a sneak thief.

TOM (*very indignant*). Hold, sir, what *she* says is true; but what you assume of my character is as false as hell. (*Rises to full height and points below*).

MERCER. Stop, sir, or I will call the police. Out with you! (*Points to door*),

TOM. Call the police if you choose, but I will speak; though I do live in South street, I am an honest man, I pay my rent; 'tis true, I am poor in purse and in dress, yet never have I done a mean act, or stole a penny from the living or the dead. I called here and asked for work; the piano requiring tuning, the lady kindly gave me the job, which having completed, I will now take my leave, but I would not touch a penny, after your insulting words, though I have not tasted food for twenty-four hours, to own this building. (*Picks up box, and starts to go*).

KITTY. Please take this, sir. (*Offering him money with tears in her eye*).

TOM. Miss, do not misunderstand me, but I cannot take it. (*Bows to Kitty*).

MERCER (*who, unobserved, slips an ornament among Tom's tools*). Hold, sir, your fine airs and put-on style won't serve. What were you doing over that table when I came in?

TOM [*with flushed cheeks*]. What I did, sir, will bring harm to neither living or dead.

MERCER. Kitty, send for the police.

KITTY. Oh, Mr. Mercer, I know he is an honest man, (*Exits D. C., weeping*),

TOM [*Starts at sound of police; the ornament falls to the floor*]. Send for the police. I will wait.

MERCER. We will see, my fine fellow. (*Mercer with exulting smile picks up ornament*). Ha, ha, my honest mechanic, what were you doing with this? (*Holds up ornament*).

TOM (*Who saw it drop, flushes and starts back; then with piercing eye and indignant look*). If you intimate that I placed that bauble among my tools, I know of no better term to apply to such a dastard thought than the blunt old English word *liar*.

MERCER (*Advances with upraised hand*). Scoundrel, and pauper, you dare! (*Enters Kitty, with officer*). Mr. Officer, search the box and person of that tramp.

TOM (*Starts towards Mercer*). Sir, as you are a man, do not insist upon examining that box.

MERCER. Officer, do your duty. This fellow was found in this room; he must not leave it unsearched.

OFFICER. Come my covey you look like one of the gang. (*Goes to take the box*).

TOM. No, Mr. Officer, I cannot, will not have that box searched. I have nothing but what belongs to me.

KITTY (*looks around the room*). Indeed sir, there's nothing missing.

MERCER. I insist officer, do your duty. (*Officer attempts to take box*).

TOM (*calm, yet firm*). You shall not do it—it is an outrage I will not submit to. Produce your warrant; prove an article missing.

MERCER. Officer, I will be responsible. (*Tom throws him off*). Lay but a finger on that box without proper authority and I'll lay you at my feet. I am an American citizen; though poor and meanly clad, I know my rights under my country's laws, and by Heaven

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I will maintain them. (*Enter Aunt Jane C. D. with Florence, they hear the last remark*).

AUNT JANE. What is the matter? (*Sees Mr. Mercer*). Oh, Florence, this comes from letting tramps into the house. Oh my poor nerves. (*Moves toward Mr. Mercer and faints. Mercer assists her to the sofa*).

MERCER. Yes, Miss Fiske, I found this tramp in the drawing-room bending over that table. He looks like the villain he is. This just dropped from his tools. [*Holds up ornament*].

TOM [*turns to Florence*]. Please, Miss, I have finished the job; I do not ask for pay, though so faint from hunger I can scarcely stand; believe me I know you are generous and good, and will not condemn a man because he wears a ragged coat.

MISS FLORENCE [*with eyes fixed*]. Yes, you are right; I do not judge a man by his clothes.

MERCER [*Motioning officer to go on*]. The officer must do his duty, Miss Florence.

TOM. Hold, I will show my box to the young lady; it contains my property, my only hope in life; but I can trust her. [*Goes to R. opens box, every one save Aunt Jane shows curiosity. Florence looks into box. Mercer peeps over her shoulder and starts back with astonishment*].

MISS FLORENCE. There is nothing in that box belonging to this house. Officer, you may go. [*Officer exits E. C. but is knocked down by an Irishman who is entering; officer's hat falls off*].

OFFICER. The devil take that Irishman. [*Exits D. C.*]

DAN. Begorrah, he'll have so many policemen to look after, he won't stop to look after the likes of me, and besides, old Nick couldn't make a fire hot enough to burn an Irishman. Sure, we're too green to burn. (*Turns and sees ladies*). Oh—I ax pardon, ladies. (*All laugh*).

KITTY. (*to Dan*), Is it yarr and in the drawing room?

DAN. (*looks at himself*). Ah me jewel, it's meself and not the devil sure, I came to see did you want the coal put in:

KITTY. Yes, go ahead, and don't make too much dirt:

DAN. Oh, but aint you a darling. (*Exits D. C. Florence offers Tom a piece of money*).

TOM. You will pardon me, Miss, and I trust appreciate my feelings; I thank you for your kind words, but I cannot, not even from you, accept a penny from any one in this house. [*Exits D. C.*].

MISS FLORENCE. You may go, Kitty. Mr. Mercer, if I have offended you, I am very sorry. My sympathy for the poor is so strong it may have led me into discourtesy. (*Offers him her hand*).

MERCER. 'Tis I, Miss Florence, who should beg your pardon. I am a business man, have mingled much with the world, and am familiar with its people and its ways; believe me, when I tell you, half the robberies in New York are committed by just such characters as this fellow; they gain entrance by all sorts of pretences in the daytime, and the first favorable night rob the house:

MISS FLORENCE. Yet I cannot believe this man a scoundrel; his face was not the face of a bad man.

AUNT JANE. Silly girl, Mr. Mercer is right, and we must doubly lock every door and window.

MERCER. You will excuse me, ladies: I have an engagement. I will see you this evening. [*Bows and exits D. C.*]

AUNT JANE. What a gentleman, so dignified and perfect in his manners.

MISS FLORENCE. Auntie, you must be tired; let me assist you to your room. [*She rises, and Florence assists her to door*].

AUNT JANE. Yes, Florence, I am tired; there, be a good girl. [*Kisses her*]. Good night, dear. [*Exits D. L.*]

MISS FLORENCE. Well, Mr. Mercer may be right, but I cannot believe that young man to be a villain. [*Advances to table*]. What, my picture, and fresh tear-drops on it; it cannot be this common workman, yet Mr. Mercer spoke of his bending over the table. Strange that he, a poor mechanic, should move me so; but his face, his language and manners were those of a gentleman. Poor fellow! a tear, and on my picture, and then Kitty has told me of his beautiful words before mother's picture—so full of tenderness. Ah! Life in New York is indeed fraught with mystery. [*Exits D. R. Close in street*].

Lively Music until Dan on.

ACT I—SCENE II. Street in L.

Long street, building, offices, newspaper office, R. and L. practicable door, R. and L. name of Herald and Evening Star over D. L. and R.; newsboys going in and out of offices, people passing across stage, etc.

DAN (enters L). Well, here I am six months in America and only one silver dollar in me pocket; what'll I do wid it, and bedad it's a happy thought! I'll find little Davy, poor little gossoon; that macaroni-ating divil,—bad luck to me, but I'll be the death of him as sure as my name is Dan. (Enter newsboys, from paper offices. All say, How are you Dan).

DAN. How are yer, boys; how's business?

BOYS. Oh, not very good today. Here's your Evening Star, Herald, etc.

DAN. Oh! here's the little gossoon now; how are you, Davy?

DAVY (Enters from office). Pretty well, sir. (To people passing). Star, Herald, sir? (People stop and buy papers). Glad to see you sir; business kind o' dull today.

DAN. Call me Dan, for sir don't fit me atal, atal.

DAVY. Well, Dan then; but you're entitled to sir from me, for you have been kind and good to me, sir; I mean Dan. (To people). Herald, S ar, sir? Oh, it's very dull today. (With a sigh).

MR. FISKE. [*Enters R.*] Herald, my boy. [*Buys paper of Davy*].

DAVY. Yes, Mr. Fiske; here you are. [*Gives paper*].

MR. FISKE. What, you know me, my lad? Oh, yes, I see you are Davy, the newsboy.

DAVY. Yes, sir.

MR. FISKE. [*Gives Davy half dollar*]. There my lad,—never mind the change. I've heard of you before. [*Exits L.*]

DAVY. [*Lifts his hat and bows*]. Thank you, sir.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
 discussion of the problem. It is shown that the
 problem is of great importance in the theory of
 functions. The second part is devoted to a
 detailed study of the problem. It is shown that
 the problem is of great importance in the theory of
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 functions. The tenth part is devoted to a
 detailed study of the problem. It is shown that
 the problem is of great importance in the theory of
 functions.

BOYS. Come Davy, give us a song; old Fox Eyes, the policeman, wont say a word.

DAVY [to boys]. All right lads, I'll sing a little song I used to sing when I first commenced to sell papers, and mind, some of you watch for old Fox Eyes. [Davy goes to front and sings; after first verse, boys cheer and the same after second. Two verses of song. Cue—Old Fox Eyes. Enters Pedro, a rough Italian, with two companions half drunk].

BOYS. Here he is, Davy, look out for him.

DAVY (shrinks and shudders). By George, 'tis Pedro, and he's been drinking, (Passes half-dollar to Dan, who takes it and clenches his stick.)

PEDRO. [Goes over to Davy and grabs him very roughly by the shoulder, and hisses in his ear]. Where is the money, you young brat? give me every cent. (Davy shrinks; Pedro grasps him by the throat). Give it to me all, every cent, or I will kill you.

DAVY (trembling, and in a faltering tone). Yes, good Pedro. [Hauds him all he has].

PEDRO. You young devil, more, more. (Cuffing his ears),

DAVY (crying). I have no more, good Pedro. (Pedro throws him down; boys cry Shame, shame. Pedro lifts foot to kick Davy). Don't, good Pedro,—indeed, I have no more. (One of the Italians whispers to Pedro, who turns, sees Dan, and is a little afraid of him).

DAN (who has been standing with the boys, and looking on, can't stand it any longer; he takes off coat, makes a jump for the Italian and knocks him down). Take that, you clay-faced organ grinder, yer monkey-training coward, to strike a poor boy. (Jumping around Pedro). "Be the Rock of Cashel, as Mickey Free says, I have a mind to—"

DAVY (in alarm, to Dan). Look out, Dan. (Hurry until closing. Dan turns just in time to catch the uplifted hand of one of the Italians, and strikes him in the face with his fist).

DAN. Take that, yer devil's imp. (Pedro gets up, draws knife, rushes at Dan, who wrenches it out of his hand and drops it to floor; the other Italians draw theirs. Dan knocks one down and grapples with the other. Pedro and the one who was knocked down rush at Dan; Davy picks up knife, which has dropped on floor, and with flashing eyes, rushes in between Dan and the Italians at the risk of his own and save Dan's life).

PEDRO (with rage). You young devil, I will kill you for this.

BOYS. Here comes the police; here's the police! [All rush off but Dan and Davy. Enter Officer, club in hand, grabs Dan and Davy; Dan trips him up, and both exit L. 1st E.].

POLICEMAN [picks himself up]. That confounded Irishman, I'll catch him yet, and lock him up. [Exits L. 1st E.]

ACT I—SCENE III. Tenement House.

Full stage, 3-story house L. and R., low stories, old rickety houses, broken blinds, patched up doors and piazzas running all around each story, with clothes-line on each piazza full of clothes; old bed partly out of one of the windows; blanket on the other building L. and alley running between building R. and the F. house, which is to be a double apartment boxed up and down D. window and set D. in each apartment; bed, one chair and small box, old broken table and small two-hole stove, and one or two dishes for lower apartment; old bed, table, one chair, small bench in room, stove, kettle, spider, teapot; 3 or 4 old dishes, bed of straw in the corner L. for Davy; small hole in floor above C. trap C. in floor in lower apartment, 4 by 2 with clasp to fasten it; old broken-down pump R. corner of house; beer saloon under house L. groove lamp post L. corner of house; sign on lamp post, wire run across stage F. C. for lightning, connecting house R. and L. to work on wires, and strings for the connection. The back wall of the two rooms, made with a break-away for 2nd picture, colored fire for it. First curtain drops on breaking of trap and house on fire, R. and L. leaving back wall; for 2nd picture, plenty of thunder and lightening, colored fire and general excitement until end of act.

TOM (At work on his invention). This has been a most eventful day, yet it leaves me without a penny. Ah, she is beautiful. Why did I yield to that cursed pride, I, who needed the money so bad, and tonight the rent must be paid. Well, if I must go out, out it is; I could not ask a penny from her, and I would not ask a favor of that cursed Italian if I had to sleep in the gutter. (Davy goes up stairs. Tom starts at sound). It must be Davy, poor little fellow; how he loves to come here and see me work, and how attached he seems to be to me. Ah, let me but succeed, and I'll take the lad away from this scene of misery and filth, and be to him what he never knew, a brother. (Shakes his head and works on).

DAVY. (Opens the door very carefully, looks in at the bottom of the door with a frightened look, enters half way in, looks all around, finds some room empty, and closes the door very carefully, and in a whisper) No, he's out. thank heaven. (Raising eyes to Heaven, looking around the room and among the kettles and the dishes, which are scattered on the table and in the cupboard). I wonder if he's left a crust. I'm so hungry! Yes, here are a few crumbs (Scrapes them off table and off the shelves and eagerly devours them, putting some in his pocket, he goes to door, looks out, expecting Pedro). I can't eat them all, (Looks out again). I'll go down and share with Tom, for I know he must be hungry. (Exit).

TOM. (Rising up from his work). I thought I heard Davy's quiet step. Poor boy! He seems to be afraid to speak a word when in this house. (Rap at door. Tom goes to door after covering his work). Who's there?

DAVY, (outside). It's only me, Davy.

TOM, (unbuttons the door and takes Davy by the hand). So it's you, my boy. Come in (Davy enters, Tom bolts door). As usual, all alone. (Gives Davy box to sit on by the side of him, then commences work again).

DAVY (Takes the small pieces of bread out of his pocket and offers them to Tom). Here, Tom, I know you must be hungry. It's all I have to offer. Do take it, I know it ain't much, but it is all I have.

TOM (Smiles at Davy). No, Davy, though very, very hungry, I could't think of robbing you of your few crumbs.

DAVY. Please take them. I've—I've— (Takes the rest out of his pocket and puts them among those he is offering Tom) got more, and then I've had enough.

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TOM. (Turns to Davy and smiles). No Davy, you cannot deceive me; you are still hungry.

DAVY (Taking half-dollar from his pocket, and offers it to Tom). You will take this, then, for you have got to pay something to Pedro tonight on the rent.

TOM. What, take money from you, my boy? Oh, no, (Davy trembles and looks at door), not a penny, lad; I see through it; should you keep this money from Pedro you will get a severe beating.

DAVY [Bends his head]. Steps are heard outside Davy trembles.] 'Tis Pedro, and there's some one with him.

PEDRO. [Enters D. in F., followed by Mercer. Pedro, in low tone]. Sit down; we will talk over the matter. How much you give; how much you pay?

MERCER [In under tone]. One thousand when the box is in my hands and he is safely lodged in jail, and 5,000 more when I have the patent all right. [They whisper together. Mercer passes pocket-book to Pedro, rising and looking at watch]. Well, I must be moving; remember 1,000 first, and 5,000 to follow. [Exits D. in F., raps at front door. Tom cover up his machine and goes to door. Davy hides. Tom opens door and starts back with surprise].

MERCER [Showing surprise]. I got the wrong door. [Bows and passes on. Tom looks after him, then closes door and bolts it].

TOM. I wonder what this means?

DAVY [comes out]. I must go, for Pedro is upstairs (with frightened look).

TOM. Poor boy! [turns to Davy] Well, if he attempts to beat you, why you scream loud, and I'll come—never fear. [Davy exits D. in F.] Poor lad, he can't stand it much longer. [D. enters D. L.]

PEDRO. So you're here, you young devil! you been down stairs. [Grabs Davy by the collar, drags him to the hole in the floor, takes out pocket-book]. You see this—well, take it, and—(whispers to him, as if afraid of being heard).

DAVY [draws back in horror]. Oh, no; good, kind Pedro, don't ask me to do that! I cannot—will not,—see, here is a half dollar a kind gentleman gave me.

PEDRO [grabs money, then bends Davy to floor, and hisses in his ear, I kill you sure, you no do it; he draws knife, points it to Davy's throat until he feels the keen edge, his tongue runs out, his eyeballs protrude, he is choked, and can't speak; he nods his head as yes. Pedro pushes him down; he gets up, staggers to door, and Italians enter). Come in, my boys. (They whisper, Davy knocks at Tom's door, which is opened by Tom).

TOM. Why, boy, (takes Davy's hand); you are as pale as death. What has been done?

DAVY (tries to smile). Only a little faint, Tom. [Davy sits down. Tom returns to work].

TOM. There, sit down and rest yourself, my lad. (Davy creeps forward and puts pocket-book in Tom's pocket, then returns to seat).

DAVY. I will go now, friend Tom; I only stopped in to get rested.

TOM. Why, lad, you are weeping.

DAVY. Tom, give me your hand. (Tom gives him his hand).

TOM. Poor boy, don't weep. (Tears come in Tom's eyes). And your hand trembles.

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DAVY (*Eyes full of tears*). Oh, my friend! my best, my only friend! Save poor Dan. Should we never meet again, try to think of poor Davy, the orphan lad, as your friend. I (*hears noise up stairs, half afraid to say it*). I, oh, sir — I, never (*Looks to door*), never — until (*shudders*) today did I a mean act. (*starts at noise above*). I must go; good by — Tom, you will always think well of me, won't you, and forgive [*weeping*] me? (*Shaking hand, exits D. in F*).

TOM. What did he mean by forgive him? Oh, 'tis nothing. [*Closing and bolting door*] Poor child, something is wrong; yes, something is wrong. [*He commences to work again; Davy goes upstairs and enters room, eyes still wet with tears*].

PEDRO [*With crouching attitude approaches Davy*]. Good boy, you may go to bed now. [*Davy goes to bed in corner and buries his face in his hands and sobs aloud. Pedro rushes to Davy*]. Stop that, stop that, or, — I'll (*threatens to choke Davy*), choke you, — you young devil. [*Davy stops with a sigh; knocks at door; Pedro opens it; Mercer peeps in, whispers to Pedro and exits*].

TOM. (*Jumping up with gladness*). By Jove, I've got it, it runs — look! (*He repeats*). It runs, it runs at last. (*Falls on one knee and lifts hand and eyes to Heaven*).

Kind Heaven I thank thee. [*Machine runs on table*]. Now for fame and fortune. Oh, that I may make right use of this blessing with which a gracious God, supporting my own industry, seems about to crown my young efforts. (*Knock at door; Tom starts up, covers up the machine, goes to door and opens it*).

DAN (*Enters D. in F*). Good morning, Tom; sure yer as smiling as if 'twas your wedding day.

TOM. (*Grasping Dan's hands, and shakes them till he groans with pain*). Oh, Dan, I've got it; no more misery, no more hunger; it works; come, old boy, look for yourself. (*Dan goes over to machine. Tom removes covering*).

DAN. Be the powers, Tom! your a jewel; it works like a clock.

TOM. Yes, yes, and (*clasping Dan's hand*) when I get my patent, Davy, you and I will go to the great West, away from the misery, suffering and crime of this great city.

DAN. And Master Tom, do yer really mean that? Will yer take the poor Irishman, the stranger, with ye, and little Davy, too; and we'll be together? Oh, sir; I can't believe it, sure it's a dream, and — but do you mean it?

TOM. Dan, I do mean it. You are my friend, and friendship to Tom Kimball is a principle too sacred for him to forget, or to violate, who was taught at the knee of a father whose life was the soul of honor.

DAN. Tom, you've touched my heart, you — oh, I know you are a gentleman — you, who took the poor alien by the hand when he was starving — and begging your pardon, yourself wasn't much better, and sharing your last crust with him: and now, when fortune and lashings of money is right finist you, to offer to take me with yer, (*wipes eyes*) like a brother.

TOM. There's my hand, Dan, its a hand an honest heart can support without shame. I have given you my word. I never yet broke it. (*Shakes hands. Knock at door. Tom covers up machine and opens door*).

MERCER. (*Enters followed by officers, Pedro and two Italians. Davy looks through hole in door*). I lost my pocket-book. Look about this room, officers.

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a formal address, and it is the first of its kind since the signing of the Constitution. The President, James Buchanan, is addressing the Congress, and he is doing so in a very formal and dignified manner. He is discussing the state of the Union, and he is discussing the issues that are facing the country at that time. He is also discussing the role of the President, and he is discussing the responsibilities of the Congress. The letter is a very important document, and it is a very interesting one to read. It gives us a glimpse into the mind of the President, and it gives us a glimpse into the state of the country at that time. It is a document that is worth reading, and it is a document that is worth studying.

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the Secretary of the Board of Directors to the Board of Directors, dated 1900. The letter discusses the financial condition of the company and the results of the annual meeting.

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a message of condolence to the people of the State of California, who have been afflicted by a severe drought. The President expresses his sympathy for the suffering and his hope that the Congress will take prompt action to relieve the distress.

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a very important document, as it is the first official communication of the new President to the Congress. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it contains a great deal of information about the President's views on the state of the Union and the future of the country.

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1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 8, 1907. It contains a report on the state of the Union and the progress of the administration during the year.

2. The second part of the document is a report on the state of the Union and the progress of the administration during the year, dated January 8, 1907. It contains a detailed account of the various departments and agencies of the government, and the work they have done during the year.

3. The third part of the document is a report on the state of the Union and the progress of the administration during the year, dated January 8, 1907. It contains a summary of the various bills introduced in the House of Representatives, and the action taken thereon.

4. The fourth part of the document is a report on the state of the Union and the progress of the administration during the year, dated January 8, 1907. It contains a summary of the various bills introduced in the Senate, and the action taken thereon.

5. The fifth part of the document is a report on the state of the Union and the progress of the administration during the year, dated January 8, 1907. It contains a summary of the various appointments made by the President, and the names of the persons appointed.

6. The sixth part of the document is a report on the state of the Union and the progress of the administration during the year, dated January 8, 1907. It contains a summary of the various treaties negotiated by the President, and the terms of the treaties.

7. The seventh part of the document is a report on the state of the Union and the progress of the administration during the year, dated January 8, 1907. It contains a summary of the various executive orders issued by the President, and the substance of the orders.

8. The eighth part of the document is a report on the state of the Union and the progress of the administration during the year, dated January 8, 1907. It contains a summary of the various proclamations issued by the President, and the substance of the proclamations.

9. The ninth part of the document is a report on the state of the Union and the progress of the administration during the year, dated January 8, 1907. It contains a summary of the various messages received by the President, and the substance of the messages.

10. The tenth part of the document is a report on the state of the Union and the progress of the administration during the year, dated January 8, 1907. It contains a summary of the various communications received by the President, and the substance of the communications.

TOM (with great indignation). Sir—you never crossed my threshold.

MERCER. I say I lost my pocket-book about here.

TOM. There is nothing in this room but belongs to me.

POLICE (searches and finds book in coat pocket). Here it is in this coat. Who owns this coat? (Tom starts forward. Dan starts with astonishment).

TOM. My God! I see it all. It's a foul plot—a most treacherous and damnable conspiracy.

OFFICER. None of your fine airs; the proof of your robbery is clear. Come, my jail bird, we've been laying for you. (Takes out a pair of handcuffs).

DAN. (on fire with rage). It's a dam lie, begorra, you'll have to take me, body and breeches before yer take him. (Taking off coat).

PEDRO. He damned rogue. Irish loafer, tramp.

DAN (quick as a flash knocks Pedro down). Take that for a Kildare love pat, and there's more in the pot yer macarooni stuffer, you.

MUSIC TREMBLES UNTIL TOM EXITS.

TOM. Hold,—I'll go, Dan; I can trust you; you are my friend; my soul tells me this, and your clear, honest eye supports it.

DAN. By the green soil of old Ire'land that no Irishman forgets, I'll back the confidence ye place in Dan O'Mann this day with my life.

TOM (takes Dan's hand, points to box). There lies my heart: I leave it in your keeping. Should anything happen, and you know life is uncertain, and should I not return, you and (pointing up) he are my friends—I leave it to you; but should I return, let it not be said that Dan O'Mann was the only Irishman that ever betrayed Tom Kimball.

DAN. Tom, the heart of an Irish boy, who never did a dirty act, or went back on a friend, bates in my breast, and wld yours, I place it in that box, which shall never leave my keeping while Dan O'Mann has sense or strength. (Weeps).

TOM. God bless you, Dan! (Weeps). God bless you! (They part. Tom is handcuffed. Turning to Mercer). As to *you*, sir, I have little to say; for the less we have to say to a *cur* the better.

MERCER (Advancing to Tom). Liar and beggar.

TOM. Ah! you have found your voice, now that I am in irons. [Holds up hands]. That *you are* a cowardly *cur* needs no word of mine to prove; the proof is in your face, villain, every feature of which is stamped with treachery, cowardice and falsehood. We shall meet again. [To Dan]. Good by Dan, and God bless you.

DAN [Shaking Tom's handcuffed hand]. The same [weeps] to you, Tom. [He is taken away by police, followed by Mercer, who turns and whispers to Pedro and exits. Dan goes to table on which is box. Dan closes box. Pedro bolts door. Italians whisper; they look at their knives: Dan sits on box: Pedro turns, and sees Dan on box, then whispers to others. Cue "Good by Dan, God bless you." Piano hurry until cue "what's that?" Then forty until thunder; then very heavy until cue "away, away;" then piano hurry, till heavy thunder; then swell it and soon until Davy screams and falls on stage, then piano hurry until Pedro grabs Davy, then forty until curtain].



DAN. They're holding a confabulation about this box. Well, yer yellin' devils, yer have to fight before I give up this sacred trust.

PEDRO [Turns quick and calls loud to Dan]. Look there, what's that? [Dan turns, and, as he does, the three Italians rush at him with drawn knives. Pedro and one Italian go down from the blows from a club. Dan grapples the other; they struggle: the other two rise and rush on Dan; there is a fearful struggle all over stage. Dan is cut and torn all up, his shirt and coat is torn off; he at last is thrown down the trap, supposed to be dead. Davy sees all through hole in floor.]

PEDRO. Quick; to the trap, the tide is up, and he will be washed down to the river. [They throw him in and close the trap with a slam. At that minute a heavy clap of thunder and a flash of lightning is heard, and then the building on the L. caves in, and a portion of the front falls in and out, all three Italians run to door, and Pedro looks out; a flash of lightning nearly blinds him]. My God! the house has been struck by lightning! quick! away, away! [Exit two Italians. Pedro closes door and stands in a frightened attitude; he advances toward the trap; another clap of thunder and lightning and the other building R. caves in, and falls on stage, screams of women and children, and Davy falls on stage crying].

PEDRO [Startling back]. What's that? It sounds like that young brat. I must find him. He may have seen all.

DAVY [On knees by the hole]. Oh, my God! what will become of me?

PEDRO [Throws open door and crawls to where Davy is on his knees, grabs him by the throat]. You young devil, you see all. [Drags him to door and down to Tom's room. Davy calling on heaven]. Come in here! you imp.

DAVY. Oh! good Pedro. [Half choked]. I won't tell! Oh, good, kind Pedro, don't [chokes] kill me; I—oh, oh, my God! my God! I will—I swear, I—oh, oh, Heaven! [Aloud.] Help! help! [He chokes and drags Davy to trap]. Oh, God! my God! have you mercy? [Gets loose from Pedro and runs to window, pushes it open, but the lightning drives him back. Pedro catches him by the hair; Davy calls, help, help!]

PEDRO. You see too much, too much.

DAVY. Oh, think of my dead mother, my youth, my,—Oh—. [Pedro chokes him with hand on throat and knees on breast; and with the other hand lifts trap]; help, oh, mercy! [He catches hold of edge of trap; but Pedro kicks his hands off, he falls in. Pedro closes trap on Davy's head; with his foot he pounds it down, and bolts it. Pedro looks frightened, and rushes to door, opens it, but recoils at clap of thunder; he rushes through door, slamming it after him: as he exits there is a fearful clap of thunder and flash of lightning; house is struck, the roof caves in on floor above, which breaks through on floor below; all the old furniture falls through, thunder and lightning is kept up until house is struck again, which catches on fire on both sides, and side buildings; having back wall all up; a beam comes tumbling down and strikes the trap-door, smashes it through. Dan catches hold of the trap, and drags Davy up all dripping with water; they both fall on the stage, and curtain drops on picture, house on fire, thunder rattles and general excitement at the recall as the curtain is half way up; another heavy crash, then back wall falls in and out, showing Davy's mother and father, and himself at two years old, and slow curtain and colored fires. Music cue. Home, Sweet Home, on 2d curtain.]

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LIVELY MUSIC AT RISE OF CURTAIN.

ACT 2D.

CITY OF TOMBSTONE.—SIX YEARS ELAPSE.—ARIZONA.

Grand hotel R. with piazza running all round hotel, which is a two story house with steps leading to stage. piazza masked in by green lattice works; this to be the best house in the square. next to it R. is a one story house, very plain, grocery and provision house next on R., story and half plain, boots and shoes, then a small lane running back; at back, facing front, a two story house built on a pile of rocks two feet high, steps leading to stage, window each side of D. C.; this is the Post Office and Gold Exchange, a one story house; next to it is the Bank, door and one window, the main street next to it running back, showing in the distance and side of street; small houses and fine mountains with streams of water, the sun shining on mountains and water; no trees or grass about stage, houses L. of street; to front on L. are about the same as R.; one next to bank, L. of street, is a story and half house, door and one window with green light over door, words Beer Saloon on the R. and over door; house next to it is a Dry Goods Store, one window, one story house; the house on corner, opposite hotel, is the Drug Store, one story house, door and window with green and red light in window; all to be plain-made houses. Hotel and Bank are to be clapboarded and painted white, others are plain boards and painted brown and drab. Miners, Mexicans, Indians, etc., hanging around Post Office, Gold Exchange, Hotel and Saloon. Bulletin boards hanging on side of Post Office three feet by two feet, swinging sign on hotel. Brown's hotel on sign. 1

WEST. [On piazza, calls to postmaster, who is standing in doorway of post-office], Say, Mr. Postmaster, isn't it time for the coach?

SQUIRE. (Looking at watch.) Yes, it's about time now.

WEST. What time is the mail due?

SQUIRE. In about an hour; he'll be in time you bet; he's just the best rider about these 'ere parts. and you can bet yer pile on him with a rifle. a.

WEST. How old is this Western prodigy?

SQUIRE. Well, I reckon he's nigh on to 18.

LIVELY MUSIC UNTIL COACH ON.

(Sounds of trumpet. Squire looks down the street, and so do the loungers.) Hello! here's the coach now. (All excitement on arrival of coach. Enters full size coach, four horses, 3 big trunks, boxes, bundles on and in coach, which stops at hotel steps; trunks and boxes are taken off; passengers get out, coach goes off).

MUSIC: "LOW BACK CAR," AS COACH GOES UNTIL DAN ENTERS.

(Enters DAN on mule's back.)

MR. FISKE (looking around). Well, here we are, my child, in the heart of the great city of Tombstone.

AUNT JANE. (In horror). Oh, brother, why do you mention that horrid name,—
—Kitty—Kitty, my bottle! oh, my nerves.

KITTY. (In surprise). Yes, Miss; but it's in the big trunk.

AUNT JANE. Oh, dear; I know I shall be down sick, (Putting hand to her forehead).
Oh, my nerves!

MR. FISKE. (Taking his sister's arm). Come sister, you must be tired. (Enters hotel; Kitty and Dan attend to the boxes and bundles).

WEST. (Who is on piazza, comes forward and bows to Mr. Fiske). Is not this Mr. Fiske of Philadelphia?

MR. FISKE. Yes, sir; that is my name.

WEST. My name is West, sir.

MR. FISKE. Indeed! I am glad to meet you; this is my daughter Florence, and my sister.

WEST. (Lifts hat and bows). I am happy to meet you, ladies, and trust you may find our city, as its name suggests, a place.

AUNT JANE. (Putting up her hands). Oh, sir, don't speak that horrid word.

DAN. (To Kitty) ~~she~~ means graveyard,—No, it's Tomb-tone. (Kitty tries to stop him).

MR. FISKE. My sister sir, is unused to western life, and being an invalid, the name of your city, and surely it is a quaint one, jars upon his nerves.

WEST. I beg your pardon, (Bows to Aunt Jane), but had you better not step into the parlor? you look fatigued.

AUNT JANE. (Smiles at West) Oh, what a splendid gentleman. [Moving toward the steps.

DAN. [Who is picking up boxes looks to Aunt Jane]. Do you mean me, ma'am? [Running up steps with boxes on arm].

AUNT JANE. Oh, you dreadful Irishman, go away, with your horrid red head; you'll set me on fire.

DAN. Oh, there's no fear of that, you're too green to burn.

AUNT JANE. [Strikes after Dan and hits him, he slips and falls on the steps, boxes and bundles go flying all over stage]. Oh, my bonnet, oh my poor nerves!

MR. FISKE. Come sister, you and Florence had better come in now.

AUNT JANE. [To Kitty]. Kitty, look out for my boxes. [Exit into hotel with others, casting loving eyes on West].

KITTY. [Bows to Aunt Jane]. I won't forget them ma'am. [To Dan]. You ought to be ashamed of yourself Dan. [Kitty can't help smiling].

DAN. Sure, Kitty darling, I thought she meant me; don't look at me that way—you'll break my heart.

KITTY. Oh, bother you and your heart.

DAN. Now, Kitty, be aisy; sure when I'm an Arizona millionaire, I'll give ye me whole heart, and half me fortune. [Kitty packs boxes on Dan.]

WEST [looking after Florence]. Yes, I'm safe, they didn't recognize me; by Jove Florence has blossomed into a beautiful young lady. I must, yes, I must win her, and I must raise a stake, too; it's lucky all about here think the rich; well, I'll soon have it. [Exits into hotel].

DAN. Oh, Kitty! you're loading me down like an ass.

KITTY [piling them on]. I want to make you look natural, Dan.

DAN. Begorra, then you'll have to get on the beast yourself.

KITTY. There, that's all; go on now.

TOM. [Enters L. W. E., comes to C. F.] My accounts are getting low, only twenty dollars left; never mind: I wouldn't exchange my claim in the old Dragoon Mountains, for all the money in yonder bank. [Points to bank back]. I know there's silver there, just as well as I know there was a fortune in my invention stolen six years ago. Oh, God grant that I may yet meet the villain, Mercer; he who robbed me and sent me to prison, where for two years I scarcely spoke or smiled, and then I escaped, and learned of his villainy, he who patented my invention, and sold it for \$100,000. God bring us face to face! oh, but set him within my sight—'tis all I ask; and then, the poor newsboy, little Davy, how strange he acted,—no, no, he couldn't have done it. (Dan enters on piazza, and listens with astonishment); and Dan, poor, faithful Irishman, how he must have fought. [Bows his head in thought].

DAN [becomes overjoyed]. Holy mother, but it's Tom, and talking about me; and look at him, straight as an arrow, and looking as fine as a mate blackthorn. [Listens and smiles.

TOM. And to think that he, the only Irish friend I ever had, should have been killed in defending my box. Ah, I knew when he gave me his hand, looking into my face, heart to heart, and eye to eye, I knew the promise of such a man would be kept, for I felt his heart in the very pressure of his hand. [Dan weeps with joy]. And if I'm ever found denouncing the land that gave poor Dan birth, or refuse to assist one who knew the green meadows of old Erin, the home of my best friend [raises his hand], may my good right arm wither! I can't stand it any longer: he leaps to stage, and rushes to Tom].

TOM [starts back surprised]. Ye gods! can it be, the dead alive?

DAN [grasping Tom's two hands, and jumping around stage]. Yes, master Tom, Dan's here alive and kicking; but the Maccaroni's came mighty near it; sure you'll forgive me. I tried to save your property, but—

TOM. Bless you, Dan, I have nothing to forgive; I knew you kept your word; but what brought you to Arizona?

DAN. Well, I came out with the family where you repaired the piano.

TOM [starts]. What, the Fiske family?

DAN. The very same.

TOM. Are they here in—

DAN. Yes, they're here in Tombstone [smiles]. Oh, but it's a jewel of a name for a town: and ye ought to see Aunt Jane leap and feel of her nerves when I rolls it off so beautifully.

TOM. And is *he* here! (Growing excited).

DAN. Who?—oh, the villain who stole the box? sure, sir, nobody knows where he is; but ye ought to see Miss Florence: bedad she's a beauty, and such a lady; and when I speak of you, she always listens and—

TOM. What can she care for me, she the rich—

DAN. But faith, I think she does, as I was telling ye; she always listens, and one day

she said you must be a gentleman, for your speech and acts showed the breeding of one; and sure, devil a lie I'm telling yer. [Aside] That's the biggest lie I tould in a year. Sure that girl has me wild talking about the young man that repaired the piano; begorra, I think she'd broom me out of the house if I sed a word against yer.

TOM [smiling]. But, Dan, you haven't told me how you got away from the Italians.

DAN. Awow! but the very name of Italian sets my blood boiling; well, Tom, the devils were bent on having the box, sure, when you went with the policeman; Pedro [Dan clinches his fist], the head thafe, bolted the door, and I seeing there were three against me, slipped off me coat, and, with me sack I brought from ould Ireland I stood by the box; faith, such tumbling and kicking; first I was on top and then I was under; begorra, the welting I gave them before I was knocked out baces all the scrimmages that Donnybrook ever saw; but Tom, I stood by.—Heaven bear me out, till the fight of Dan O'Mann was as dead as Banquo's ghost, and when I dropped they had to cut the box from me; begorra, the scars of Waterloo are love pats to what I got.—look. [Taking off coat, and rolls up sleeve to show Tom]; and see, I have cuts on me legs, they're as thick as spots on a leopard. [Loosens his suspenders].

TOM [smiling]. Never mind, Dan, I believe you did for me and my property, all that a friend, nay, all that a brother could do.

DAN [with joy]. Oh, Tom, you touch my hear: 'tis the heart of a poor Irishman, but Heaven knows (looks up) I tried to defend the property of my friend.

TOM. There is my hand (offers hand); we're not of the same race, but we believe in the same God, and though I worship Him in a robe, and you in a frieze coat, it does not, it *shall not* interfere with our friendship. I believe you did all that a generous, warm-hearted and courageous Irishman could do for a man he loved, and, Dan, we must not part.

DAN. (With deep feeling). And we won't; sure, I'll— (aside). Begorra, but it's awful hard to give up all of 'em—Kitty, too.

TOM. Why, Dan, don't feel so sad; you need not leave Kitty.

DAN. 'Ts not Kitty atal, atal. (Pretends to weep). I'm thinking of poor Aunt Jane; oh, what will become of her? (Mocks Aunt Jane.) Oh, my poor nerves! Oh, how she'll miss me; but I must see them, and tell them I'm going to leave.

TOM. 'Twould hardly be the thing to leave them with a broken heart, Dan; so I'll come into town to-morrow; I don't come in usually once a month; but you *expect me to-morrow*; good-bye. (shakes hands with Dan).

DAN. O, but I hate to leave you, begorra, but I feel like a bridegroom; well, good-bye! Tom (Exits L. Dan exits into hotel).

WEST (enters from house with Florence, and takes seat on piazza). With its mixed population, this frontier city is hardly a place for a lady, Miss Florence; but we have a few families here, and we manage to pass away the hours quite pleasantly after business.

FLORENCE. I can reconcile myself to the surroundings, but my poor aunt, I fear for her; she is not over strong.

WEST. Your thoughtfulness is indeed commendable; I will, if you desire, act as your assistant in making our rough surroundings as pleasant as possible for Miss Fiske.

FLORENCE. Thank you, sir; your offer is most kind, but I fear we shall intrude on the time required to attend to dear Papa's affairs.

WEST. Not in the least.



KITTY (*Enters from hotel*). Miss Fiske desires to see you, Miss Florence. [*Exits in house*].

FLORENCE. You' will excuse me, sir. (*Rises*).

WEST [*rises and lifts hat*]. Certainly. [*Florence exits into hotel, West standing on steps*]. By George! she is lovely. I must make a stake, and soon, too. All here think me rich; if I can bamboozle the old man, and get the daughter, by heavens, I am made. [*Enter Mr. Fiske from house, West lifting hat*]. I hope you are feeling well after your long journey.

MR. FISKE. I am much better, thank you. [*Sits down. West takes seat side of him*] I have letters from friends in Philadelphia to you, Mr. West. [*Gives letters to West, who looks at them*].

WEST. Yes, I see, sir; you are interested in several mining schemes; I also own in those mines, and have great faith in their developing richly.

MR. FISKE. I'm glad to hear you speak thus; for my all, every cent I possess, with that of my sister and only child, is invested in these mines.

WEST. I deem them perfectly safe, sir. (*Enter Florence and Aunt Jane, who take seats on piazza*).

AUNT JANE. There, I feel better.

WEST. I am glad you are rested, Miss Fiske, and trust you may not judge our people by the dismal name our city bears. (*Enter Dan and Kitty from hotel*).

AUNT JANE. Oh, sir, I—that is, that dreadful word—what possessed you to give your city that horrid name?

WEST. It is a strange name, but the two brothers who discovered the rich mines about here, when they started out from camp in northern Arizona, were told they might find their tombstones while down here; so they named the place Tombstone.

AUNT JANE. Brother, if we are to stay here, you must use your influence to have it changed to (*sees sign Epitaph over Bank*). Oh, my poor nerves. (*Puts hand to head and rocks back and forth*). See, see, brother, oh, that horrid sign—take it down. (*All turn and see sign, and smile*).

WEST. It is the name of our paper, Miss Fiske. The Epitaph.

DAN. Epitaph; sure that's what they put on tombstones, Oh, haven't we got in a delightful place, begorra! you can't step or look without being put in mind of yer grave. I won't stay here. Aunt Jane and I'll clope.

MR. FISKE (*tries to look stern*). Dan, be careful. (*Shakes his head*).

AUNT JANE. Oh, you horrid Irishman, if I had you (*shakes her fist at him*).

DAN. Divel clear of you getting me, I'm going to make Kitty a present of Dan O'Mann. [*Comes on stage and looks at R. to E*].

FLORENCE. There, Aunt, he doesn't mean anything.

AUNT JANE. Oh, I hate Irishmen.

WEST. I quite agree with you, Miss Fiske.

FLORENCE. I must oppose you both on that question; your remarks are too sweeping; while there are many bad Irishmen; there are more good ones; and if, as a people, they are poor and uneducated, we must remember in their own island home they never had the advantages which greet them in our favored land.

DAN (*to Florence*). Oh, its a jewel you are.

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MR. FISKE. I quite agree with my daughter, sir.

WEST. Well, it's a pleasure to be converted by so charming a lady. [Rise and bows.]

AUNT JANE. I don't agree at all; it's stuff and nonsense.

DAN [reading grocer's sign.] vinegar. (All laugh.)

AUNT JANE. (In great rage). There, do you hear that impertinence?

DAN. (Reads on). Potatoes, Sugar.

FLORENCE. He's only reading the grocer's sign. (All the Mexicans, miners and others crowd about Dan and make fun of him. Florence. Mr. Fiske and Aunt Jane, dumb show. Dan turns and sees people looking at him; he turns to front and puts whistle in his mouth].

DAN. (Reads sign). Potatoes, starch. (They all laugh; Dan turns quickly and blows something in their faces; they all jump, and yell, and howl like demons, and rub their eyes, people on piazza start and look on crowd, as if expecting trouble).

DAN (Aside). They don't like the whistle. Tom gave me: oh, me buckoos, you can dance, can't you, as well as make fun of a stranger. Have yer springs on your feet, or is it the ground?

SQUIRE (Enters from post office). Hullo, what's up (Mexicans point to Dan). I've have to take you in charge, stranger. I'm a justice and—

DAN. (Taking off coat). Do ye weigh heavy, have you a will made? You'd better put the job off till you get your life insured.

SQUIRE. Look here, stranger, we don't want any trouble, but you're kicking up an awful row, and if you don't get into that hotel, I'll just blow the whole top of your head off. (Points pistol at Dan.)

DAN (picks up coat.) Well, if you're going to fight with artillery, sure I'll get me black thorn. (Trumpet sounds in the distance).

SQUIRE. There's the mail boy, always on time. (People cry mails coming.)

DAVY (enters on horseback, mail, two bags, gun over shoulder, throws bags to post-master). There's your mail, Squire; but I had a hard time of it, I had to fly, you bet.

SQUIRE. (With the bags in his hand.) How's that, my boy?

DAVY. (Taking saddle off his horse.) Why I just escaped Victoria's band of Indians.

ALL. Indians!

AUNT (Jane jumping up). Dan on piazza makes a break, knocks Aunt Jane over, jumps on stage, knocks Mexicans R and L, and grabs Davy.)

DAN. Davy,—Davy, don't you know me? look at me, 'tis meself and no one else, sure it's me Dan, Dan O'Mann.

DAVY. (Looks at Dan, and holds out his arms.) What, Dan, my old friend, and alive? (Tom enters from U. E. R. stands at post office steps. Dan grabs Davy and carries him to front. Florence stares at Tom, half rises in her seat. Tom waits till Dan greets Davy. Pedro enters with other Mexicans.

DAN, (with arms around Davy). Oh, but this is too good. Is it dreaming I am? Be gorra, but America's a queer place, and it's you, Davy?

DAVY. Yes, Dan, and so glad to see you. (Shaking Dan's hand).

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DAN. And so you're the mail boy? Bedad, of course, ye are; that is, oh, that Irish tongue of mine, I mean you carry the mail. (Aside). Sure I have it at last.

DAVY. Yes, I carry the mail, but Dan, have you learned from your friend Tom?

DAN. (jumping and singing). Oh, such news. Davy; sure he's here, and tomorrow I am to see him, and never to leave him.

DAVY. Did he speak of me? (With a glad smile).

DAN. Did he speak of you.—sure didn't I tell yer, he thought, and sure we all thought you were killed by that Macaroni hound. Pedro.

TOM (coming forward). Well, friends, you seem pleased to meet,—

DAVY (turns, sees Tom, starts forward, looks closely). You are my—(Tom smiles). Yes, it is, (Throws arms about Tom's neck). it is my dear friend, Tom. (Releasing Tom takes his hands). Oh sir, I am so happy (Dan is dancing about stage) so happy to see you,

TOM. Yes my lad, I am Tom, your old friend Tom, and the happiness of this meeting you here, I cannot describe. So you carry the mail.

DAVY. Yes, I am Davy the mail boy now, but how did you get away from those cruel men from—

TOM. It's a long story Davy, but I got away; the scoundrels! but never mind me! I had some hard times; tell me about yourself; I thought you dead, my poor lad, and many a tear he thought has cost me.

DAVY. No! I creeped out of the ruins, and a kind wood sawyer gave me shelter for a few days. I then struck for the west, tried to do right, and here I am, (smiles) the happiest lad in Arizona.

DAN. Barring myself, but Tom, do you mind the lady on the piazza—the young one?

DAVY. Why it's Miss Florence as I live. (Starts).

DAN. And that patent vinegar factory, Aunt Jane. (Makes wry face).

DAVY. You will excuse me just a moment, she was so kind to me. (Goes over to Miss Florence). Pardon me Miss, but are you not Miss Fiske?

KITTY. (All smiles). Why, 'tis little Davy, the New York newsboy.

FLORENCE. (Gives hand to Davy, who kisses it). I am very glad to see you, but should scarcely know you. So you live in Tombstone?

DAVY. Yes, I am called Davy, the mail boy.

DAN. Faith he does, and the best in Arizona.

DAVY. (To Dan). Yes, I live in Tombstone; but for you I would have one over me.

DAN. (Bows). Miss Florence, Davy and I have a friend here; permit me to present him.

DAVY. (Introduces Tom). Mr. — (Davy is stuck). This is my friend, Miss Fiske, friend Tom. (Tom bows. Florence rises).

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TOM. I am most happy to meet you, and to thank you for a past kindness. I repaired a piano at your house some six years since.

FLORENCE. Yes, and I remember the occasion and --

TOM. And gave me those kind words, which even now I can repeat.

FLORENCE. You have a good memory. Do you reside here, Mr. --?

TOM. I am called plain Tom; Miss; none know my real name: I have lived here about six months, but you pardon me, the bank soon closes; I will see you again. (Bows and enters bank. Fiske and West dumb show on piazza).

DAVY. I am so happy at finding Dan and Tom. Oh Miss, such friends are rare, Dan, dear good Dan, saved my life from the cruel Italians; and Tom, I love like a brother, he's so good, and then I know he will be one of the richest men in Arizona.

FLORENCE. You are quite enthusiastic over your friend Tom.

DAVY. Yes, and who wouldn't be that knows him; so handsome, so manly, I know he is a true gentleman.

FLORENCE. I quite agree with you, he is ~~certainly~~ a gentleman, and in my presence always conducts himself like one. I hope to see more of you and your friend.

DAVY. Thank you Miss. I knew you would like Tom. I remember what he said after your kind words six years ago,--how he spoke of your picture he saw on the table of the drawing room. (Florence smiles). Let me see (puts hands to head), it is so long ago; but I remember he said you were very beautiful, and he hoped that some day when Heaven had blessed him with wealth and position in society, and he had wrenched from the world--

DAN. (Who is reading a poster on bill-board in front of the post office--the Mexicans and roughs crowd him.) Go on out of that, yer thieving hounds! (Knocks one down). Take that for a keepsake. (Davy goes over to Dan. Dan goes on reading. They crowd him more, but he reads on.) Great festival at Tucson, all business to be suspended; the great fast day of the year. (All laugh and poke fun at Dan.)

DAN. What the divil's the matter with you, you yaller divils? (Piano hurry, until Dan grabs Davy, and points to Pedro; then swell it a little until breaks away from Davy, then forte until curtain).

DAVY. Don't laugh before you know what you're laughing at. (Turns to all, and also to the ladies). I will read the notice. "Grand Festival at Tucson on the 25th; all kinds of free games, dancing, singing, and the best refreshments, to continue seven days and nights." (All yell and dance around stage, one of the Mexicans pushes against Dan, who turns and knocks him down. Pedro enters with two other Italians. Dan sees him; both start back. Pedro puts his hand back to draw his knife.

DAN. Holy murder! [grabs Davy, points to Pedro], look, look at that face! did you ever see it before? (Speech quick).

DAVY. No, I don't know him.

DAN [puts Davy on steps]. It's that murdering thafe of the world, Pedro.

DAVY. (Holds Dan). Oh, Dan, don't say anything to him now, they are too many for us.

DAN. (Breaks away from Davy, grabs up a stool, and rushes for Pedro. He knocks the people right and left, and makes a blow for Pedro, who catches the stool and twists it out of his hand, draws his knife and makes a blow at Dan, who catches his hand; they struggle down stage. Aunt Jane, who is sleeping, jumps up, sees what is the matter and screams, falls in West's arms, who is just starting to go on stage. Florence clings to her father.

1. The first part of the report is a general
description of the project. It includes the
purpose of the study, the objectives, and the
scope of the work. This part is followed by a
brief review of the literature related to the
topic.

2. The second part of the report is a
detailed description of the methodology used in
the study. This includes the design of the
experiment, the data collection methods, and the
analysis techniques. This part is followed by a
discussion of the results of the study.

3. The third part of the report is a
discussion of the results of the study. This
includes a comparison of the results with the
literature, a discussion of the strengths and
limitations of the study, and a conclusion.
This part is followed by a list of references.

4. The fourth part of the report is a
list of references. This includes a list of
books, articles, and other sources used in the
study. This part is followed by a list of
appendices.

FLORENCE. Oh, papa, they will kill Dan and Davy. [All look frightened. Dan takes knife from Pedro and tosses it across stage, and grabs him by the throat, bends him back until his tongue runs out. Mexicans and Italians rush on Dan, with drawn knives; Dan kicks out his foot behind, and two or three go down. Davy jumps in front, draws two pistols and points them at the crowd. Tom comes from bank, rushes to front, draws two pistols and holds them back.]

DAN. Hold the fort, the Irish are a coming.

PICTURE AND END OF ACT.

LIVELY MUSIC AT RISE OF CURTAIN—ACT III.—SCENE I,

CITY OF TUCSON, ARIZONA.

Summer house L., showing side and front corner of house, with piazza. The house is made of adobies. House on green bank three feet high, wide steps at upper side, coming on stage from house; two rustic seats in front of bank of hotel. Rustic booth upper centre set on green bank, three feet high, seven feet in diameter, 6 feet wall; steps R. and L. booth leading to stage. Rustic table centre of booth, green bench all round inside of booth. Roulette board set on rustic table in booth; little children and Mexicans; ladies playing roulette; small statue in fountain with water spouting up, in front of booth four feet in diameter. Rustic fence back from hotel steps; arbor leading from steps back to upper E., at triangle covered with ivy and flowers; green settee R. in arbor; rustic fence R. of booth, about three feet; then steps leading to top of bank which runs about four feet to canvas, which is R. from 2d E. to a back triangle to R., half C.; tent on bank three feet high; six or seven tables under canvas, with chairs at table, and a faro table at entrance, and all kinds of games; tent trimmed with flags; Chinese lanterns all over tent and among trees; Grove of cottonwood trees back of brewery; fine mountains and cañons in the distance; opening in the forest L., showing town in the distance; Houses of adobe, no windows in these houses, but the places are there, and a red or colored curtain hanging over the windows. Rustic chair R. 1st E. against bank; flower vases with Mexican plants; rustic settee E. side of bank; swing R. and L., with chair in swing for children; Mexican ladies and gentlemen and others playing games in tent and booth, children playing roulette; ladies smoking cigarettes and enjoying themselves, dressed in high colors, hair hanging down their backs, no hoops on; Mexicans dress same as in city of Mexico; miners dress as best they can for the country they are in; children dress in short dresses, high colors, hair down their backs, low neck and short sleeves; ladies the same; Indians in their best dress; Chinese in their native costumes; Union soldiers. Mr. Reveene, a short, thick-set man, whiskers all round face, very pussy, broad brimmed hat, long hair and short coat, and always smoking cigar.

MR. REVEENE [in piazza, smoking, and looking back. Sound of drum.] Ah, here are the soldiers; I am glad they have come to keep order. [Enter Captain, Drummer and twelve Soldiers. Captain salutes Mr. Reveene.] Halt! Ground Arms! [They obey]. Stack arms! [They obey; they make two stacks in front of booth back of fountain, then go into tent, some in booth and some on piazza. Captain enters hotel with Mr. Reveene, West on settee R. with Pedro, who is disguised with heavy beard].

WEST. So this Kimball has struck it heavy.

PEDRO. Yes, very heavy: richest strike in all Arizona; but I fix him; me hate him, Irishman and boy, and kill all. [Places hand on knife].

WEST. Where is his claim located?

PEDRO. In the Dragoon Mountain, near Tombstone.

WEST. Will they be here today?

PEDRO. Yes; for tomorrow they go to the mountains.

WEST [aside]. Curse him, he shall not live to enjoy his good fortune, and he hopes to win Florence. [To Pedro]. Pedro, I kept my word with you six years ago; I will do so again; this cur must be got rid of. [Speaks in low tones. Enter Tom and Florence arm in arm. West looks at him with savage look]. Damn him, he is making haste too fast. [Pedro enters tent and takes seat with rest].

FLORENCE (to West). Good morning.

WEST. Good morning, Miss Fiske. (To Tom). Good morning, sir. (In a cool tone).

TOM. Ah, good morning, sir; I am glad to see you; this seems to be a kind of gayer day.

WEST. Yes, quite so. (Turns to Florence).

TOM [aside]. What can be the matter? this man acts strangely.

WEST. This is a charming morning, Miss Fiske; you will pardon me, but my friend's daughter becomes the morning so admirably.

FLORENCE. Ah, Mr. West, you do me more honor than I deserve. I am afraid this Western air is conducive to flattery.

WEST. No, no, Miss Florence; it may seem flattery to you, but I assure you the compliment is most deserving. [Enters Dan, Davy, Mr. Fiske and Aunt Jane from arbor L. to E.]

TOM [to Mr. Fiske and Aunt J.]. Good morning; I greet you to the festival.

MR. FISKE. Good morning; so this is the feast day.

AUNT JANE [to Tom, very cool]. Good morning, sir. [Turns to West and smiles]. Why, Mr. West, I am glad to see you; now I know we shall have a nice time, won't we, Florence, my dear?

FLORENCE [who is taken back at her Aunt's blunt question]. Certainly, aunt; now that we have Mr. Kimball and Mr. West, and our old friend Davy. [Bows].

DAN. And Dan; sure you wouln't forget Dan. [To Aunt Jane]. I know Aunt Jane hasn't forgotten me.

AUNT JANE [turns up nose]. Oh, you horrid thing, I can't bear Irishmen; can you, Mr. West?

WEST. I never was very partial to that race, I assure you.

DAN. Saving your presence, ladies, [bows] I can return the compliment; I was never partial to donkeys; and as you choose to talk like one, I give you the compliment.

WEST [starts towards Dan, but stops]. You ignorant Irish dunce, I'll—

TOM [steps in front of Dan]. Dan, I'm very sorry that you should so far forget yourself; can you not see that you are offending the ladies?

DAN [bowing]. I ax yer pardon, ladies (to ladies; then to Tom). Don't be angry, Tom, I'll apologize. (Aside). Begorra, I'd rather kiss Aunt Jane.

MR. FISKE. Ladies and gentlemen, let us note this festive scene by dark looks and angry words.

TOM. I agree with you, Mr. Fiske; let us not set these Mexicans an example of which we may afterwards be ashamed. (Turns to Florence). Will you permit me, Miss Florence. (offers arm). We will join the pleasure, ^{seekers} ~~seekers~~. (Florence takes Tom's arm and moves up stage).

WEST (looks at them in a rage). Curse him for an upstart, but I'll track him down.

AUNT JANE. (Goes to West and offers to take his arm, but he don't notice her, but looks after Florence. Dan slips up and takes Jane's arm and puts it in his, they start off. She turns and sees her mistake, and hits him with her fan; jumps away). Oh, you vile creature, ugh, you! how—oh, oh, you, you. (She can't speak, she is so mad). You dirty, mean, contemptible puppy! you pig, how dare you? (takes West's arm).

DAN. [Who is turping hand organ]. Oh, murder, but it's a whole menagerie you'd have me be—pig, puppy, mean, dirty contemptible! oh, the devil fly away with the likes of you; pig, am I? begorra, I'm a whole pig-stye when there's whisky about. (All move toward the merry makers).

PEDRO (enters with other Italians, goes to front). You'll find it in the Dragoon Mountains, a big cave on the side of the mountain; meet me with the whole gang, armed; these Americans fight hard. (All exit L). Yes, I'll fix him; and then, with \$10,000, I'll go back to Italy. (Exits in house).

(TOM and FLORENCE come to front, and sit on rustic settee.) Are you fatigued, Miss Florence?

FLORENCE. No, but a quiet seat is most welcome after so much excitement.

TOM. Do you like the West, Florence? I mean Miss Florence.

FLORENCE. Please call me Florence; my friends all call me so.

TOM. If I may join that favored circle, I shall avail myself of that privilege. Do you remain in Arizona?

FLORENCE. Not longer than is required to attend to papa's business.

TOM. I shall leave for the East as soon as I can dispose of my mine. I know you will be glad to learn I have found silver of great richness, and in great abundance.

FLORENCE. I'm truly glad, Mr.—

TOM. [Smiles and takes her hand]. Why not Tom, Florence? [She blushes].

FLORENCE. Well, [looks up and smiles]. Tom, I am indeed glad to hear of your good fortune. I wish poor dear Papa could get his business through successfully.

TOM. I wish he would feel at liberty to command my services, but I do not wish to interfere with Mr. West; ah, I feel he is on the wrong track.

FLORENCE. Oh, sir, I wish you would tell him so. I am afraid he is too confidential.

TOM. My dear—I mean Miss Florence—I will at the first opportunity offer him my counsel and my purse.

FLORENCE. I thank you; I know you are our friend and (West comes near and leans on back of chair back of Tom, pretending to look at game intent, and casts a side look at Florence and Tom).

TOM. Florence. I am your father's friend, and oh Florence if I (takes her hand) might hope that some time in the great future, I might call you by a nearer—(West enters hotel.)

DAN. Yer monkey faced divel, go on out of that (pulls Kitty from one of the Mexicans and comes to the front.) Mister Tom, I'm afraid there will be a bit of trouble.

TOM. (Drops her hand and rises.) What's that, Dan? trouble.

DAN. Those Mexicans and Macaroni stuffers are gambling and jawing likes rival county men at an Irish fair.

MR. REVEENE (A Mexican, enters from hotel and comes to front.) Ladies and ze gentlemen ave no fear, I stop ze trouble at once. (Goes in tent and just as he enters, three or four jump up and strike at each other. He steps in between them and stops the row. Tom and Florence start for hotel).

DAN. [To Kitty]. Sure Kitty, I am afraid we disturbed Miss Florence and Tom; faith, I think he's fond of your mistress, and if he takes the mistress, I'll take the maid, and I'll seal it with a kiss. [Kisses her].

KITTY. (Slaps his face). Oh, you saucy imp, I have a good mind. (Runs to him; he grabs her).

DAN. Give me another. (Kisses her).

[Tom and Florence come to front]. You're making great headway, Dan.

DAN. [With a smile]. Be gorra, I'm not behind you much, am I Kitty?

KITTY. He's a saucy rascal.

DAN. Now if you treat me that way, I'll go and take Aunt Jane away from Mr. West; oh, won't that please him, though. [All smile, and promenade back. Tom and Florence exit R. E.]

AUNT JANE. [Enters from arbor on the arm of Mr. Fiske]. Now brother, you must do it. Mr. West is such a gentleman, and so familiar with mining business.

MR. FISKE. Yes, Jane; but I run a great risk; for I must give my claims entirely into his hands.

AUNT JANE. But he is so honest, and such a gentleman; I know he is, brother.

MR. FISKE. That may be; but you know you and I trusted that villain Mercer.

AUNT JANE. Oh, that horrid wretch. (They enter the booth and watch the roulette game. (Old Cramps and Davy enter from arbor. Cramps, an old miser, bent and feeble, with white hair and long beard, always in misery).

CRAMPS (to Davy, L. C. F). So my lad, you have no father or mother.

DAVY. No sir, I am all alone save my friends, Dan and Tom.

CRAMPS (looks about him as if afraid of being heard). You must come and see me. (Looks around). I like your face, though no one but me and my Mexican servant have entered my old tumbled down castle for 20 years.

DAVY. Where do you live, sir?

CRAMPS. At the foot of the Dragoon mountains by the Sicemore spring.

DAVY. I will come sir with the greatest of pleasure. (They go to fountain, C. B).

WEST (enters, followed by Pedro from hotel and comes to front). Is it all arranged?

PEDRO. All right, they are doomed; the gang will be there; Tom the New Yorker has been offered a million dollars for his mine.

WEST (In a rage) The devil! What infernal luck; but I'll fix him. (Turns and sees Tom and Florence.) See him with the daughter—curse him! (Exit to back and dumb show.)

MR. FISKE. (Enters from booth followed by Aunt Jane. Dan and Kitty enter from arbor. Tom and Florence enter from R. 1st E. Kitty and Dan seat L. Aunt Jane seats R. Florence on Tom's arm C. with Mr. Fiske.) It's a strange custom to permit little children to gamble.

TOM. Yes sir, but it is only once a year, the rest of the time they are rather a sedate people.

MR. FISKE. A little sedateness reserved for the occasion would not go amiss.

AUNT JANE. They're a nasty, lazy, shiftless set, worse than the Irish, Dan is a gentleman compared with such vile trash.

DAN. (Jumps up bows and smiles, and throws kiss to Aunt Jane. All laugh.) It's a great compliment Mr. Fiske; I'll treasure it for its truth, but more for its rarity. I'll write it out and leave it in me will to our children. (Turns to Kitty.) Wont we Kitty? (She pushes him off, but smiles.)

AUNT JANE. It's all your children will get, and I'll take it back. Oh, my poor nerves.

TOM (to Dan). Come, Dan, after so handsome a compliment you ought to sing for me.

DAN. I will, sure, just for the sake of Aunt Jane, for I know she is dying to hear me.

[Goes over to Aunt Jane, and stands in front of her]. Now aren't yer now?

AUNT JANE [starts up to strike at him with her fan]. Oh, you Irish potato, you.

DAN (laughs, and going, says), I'd hate to eat you for one. (Cue for song, two verses; after song Dan goes and sits beside Kitty).

TOM (turns to Davy C. B.). I used to hear you Davy sing sometimes in the old days; will you not oblige us?

FLORENCE. Yes, Davy, we all went to hear you; that song of Dan's was the best part of our days' entertainment.

DAVY (leads Cramps to seat, then turns to Florence). To please the ladies and gentlemen, I will sing an old song I loved to sing in my boyhood days; I hope my choice will please you all. [All the ladies and children gather around booth and on piazza to listen to song. Davy goes to front. Cue for song, "Please you all," two verses].

CRAMPS (At last of 2nd verse comes forward, and at the finish of verse clasps Davy's hand and weeps; he can scarcely speak). I must for one doubly thank you; your words have strangely affected me; I feel—oh God, my lad I cannot tell you how your words and tone have touched my heart, my cold stony heart, which for 30 years no friend has known. Alas, alas, I once was a man, a good kindly-natured man; but for 30 years friendship and every generous feeling has been crushed back by one desire, one overpowering impulse—that impulse was to get money, to hoard and gloat over it. Your song has broken down the stony walls of my heart. (Weeps on Davy's shoulder). Your sweet words, like those of my dear old mother's in happy boyhood, have pierced my heart. (Davy weeps). I cannot, must not leave you; you have made this old heart new; I am soon to die; I am old and weak, I am the richest man in Arizona; see. (Points towards mountains). All those are mine. (West stands behind, but is unobserved). You shall be my son, and all this (points back) shall be yours. Come, let us sit down, I am tired. (Davy much agitated).

DAVY. Friends, will you excuse me? (Leads old man to seat and sits himself),

TOM. Certainly Davy, certainly. [Turns to Florence]. What an adventure.

DAN. And what luck; sure I'm as happy as if Kitty had just said.—(Kitty shakes him.)

AUNT JANE. That my song was really fine.

DAN. Sure I'm proud to hear you say it. I was always called a fine singer at home.

AUNT JANE. You red headed bog trotter, I meant Davy; ugh! if you love him so much why don't you copy his manners?

DAN. Out of deference to the fair sex, sure, I copy after yourself, and now all me pains for nothing. (Pretends to weep. All smile, great commotions in tent, all the ladies and children in booth, and on and about stage start up. Florence and Aunt Jane go to R. Kitty to L. Dan, Tom, and Mr. Fiske C. front of ladies. Mexicans and roughs are struggling with and trying to put out of the garden an American sailor with pale face, iron gray whiskers and hair, he is weak from fatigue; they push him from the bank, then off the steps and rush about him. He calls for help.)

SAILOR. Help! help! I am an American; are there no Americans here? (He fights and for a moment gets clear. Davy rushes forward and stands between him and Mexicans, takes the sailor's hand and leads him to the front. Mexicans led by Pedro rush at Davy and sailor].

PEDRO. Down with him, out with him! [they attempt to rush forward, but are stopped by Davy].

DAVY. Stand back! you cowardly curs, to attack a sick man. [Dan and Tom come forward to assist Davy. Drum rolls, soldiers enter and picks up guns, and form line across stage. and force Mexicans and gang back to the tent].

CAPTAIN [turns to ladies]. Ladies, there will be no further trouble. [Salutes, and retires back to company. Davy leads sailor to front. Aunt Jane, Florence, Tom, Mr. Fiske, Dan and Kitty gather around Davy.

SAILOR [Starts at sight of Davy]. My God! how like—[looks in Davy's eyes like a crazy man]. How very like, who are you? boy, speak quick; in Heaven's name, who are you? [He trembles from head to foot, and acts like a maniac].

DAVY. (In astonishment). I am Davy, the mail-carrier.

SAILOR [very excited]. But your name, your name, boy.

DAVY (With downcast look). 'Tis only Davy; I know no other name, sir.

SAILOR. I cannot be mistaken—so like her; can you not remember, my lad?

DAVY. No, no [looks closely in sailor's eyes], but your face, (very excited) 'tis the face of my dream. Oh, sir, who are you?

SAILOR. My name is David Wilson, of New York 15 years ago; I left my wife and infant son in South street. (Davy and all are very much interested. Pedro listens unobserved. How well I remember the parting scene; it is burnt into my memory. I was in sailor dress; I held my little boy in my arms, he played with my whiskers, I placed him in his mother's lap; he held out his little arms. (Weeps and wipes his eyes). I kissed his baby face, one last embrace, one parting kiss on the mother's lips, and I tore myself away, (Weeps bitterly). I joined my ship; she was lost on the coast of China; I was saved with two others, and for 10 years I was a slave; at last I escaped, got to New York, but, (drops

his head) alas, she was dead. (Davy weeps). My boy was lost in a great storm; the house where he lived with an Italian, was struck by lightning, and he, my boy, my only child, was supposed to be dead, but I never believed it. I have travelled all over the country in search of my child, till broken down by sickness and sorrow I at last reached this port.

DAN [gives a yell and they all look as if expecting another row]. Hurrah! bad luck to me, and bad luck to—

KITTY (tries to stop his mouth). Hold yer gab.

DAN (turns to Kitty). Kitty, darling, I must speak, haroo! it's—

KITTY. Stop your noise, Dan.

DAN. (Dancing.) Hold me Kitty, or I'll bust (Kitty holds him.) Sure it's himself, its himself.

SAILOR. Speak boy, can you not remember?

DAVY (puts hand to head) Yes, I remember my mother's dying words; she said to an Italian named Pedro, take my boy, (very slowly) and, as you do—by—my—child—may heaven do—by you! she tried to raise her head, but in vain; she was too weak. I went to her side; I was three years old; yes, I remember her last words. Davy, she said, remember your father was an honest man, then she clasped me to her breast, kissed me, and whispered, God bless you my child, may you never disgrace the name of your father David Wilson. [Weeps.]

SAILOR. [Clasping Davy in his arms.] My child, my child.

DAVY. Father. [Falls in his arms.]

SAILOR. [Arms around Davy.] Thank God, my boy, my Davy. [They weep. End of act. Dan swinging and dancing. Kitty tries to stop him. Florence and Tom look sad. Mr. Fiske and Aunt Jane whisper. Pedro back of West on piazza].

LIVELY MUSIC UNTIL ON...

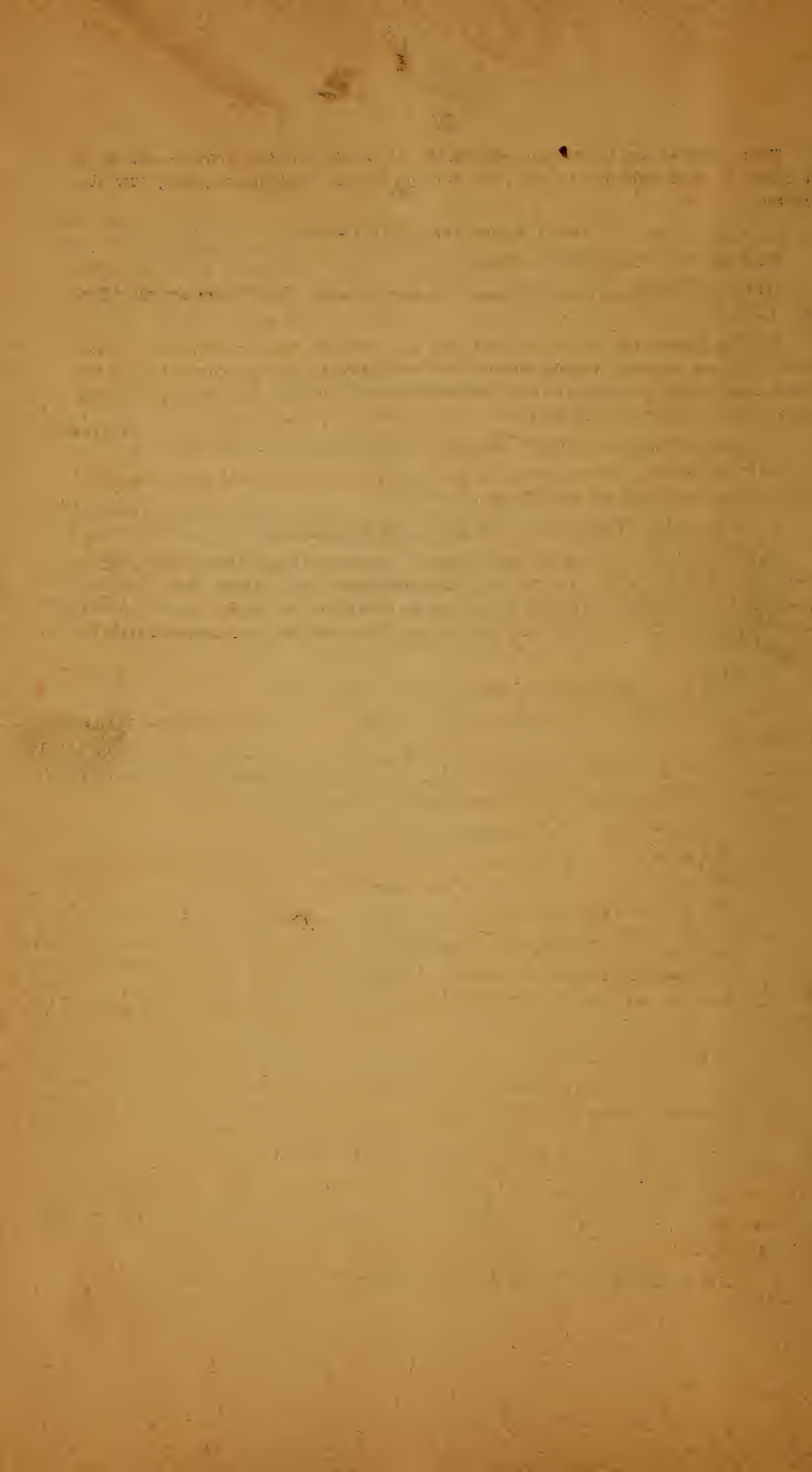
ACT 4TH—SCENE 1ST.

A rocky pass, scene to draw off R. and L., flat R., to come two-thirds across stage, at half triangle, and boxed in to 3d E. 8 feet on stage and run up to flies; cave open R., opening up about 8 feet, opening F., showing inside of cave, a curtain to draw up of gauze, painted like smoke, three of them—first one thin smoke, second little thicker,; third to show cave filled with smoke. Set rocks R. and L., run L. side of F. of cave to come to within two feet of stage, then turn R. in between rocks, gap, down to stage, and in behind cave and up steps to platform at mouth of cave, top of cave strong enough to hold five people, under flies floor of cave to hold three people, floor five feet long and four feet wide; floor outside of cave three feet wide, and to run around back of rocks L. strong enough for struggle, mattress on stage B. of rocks, and at the foot of mouth of cave to fall on stage.

Enter TOM and DAVY. (Down run L.)

TOM. A few steps further, Davy, and my claim will be in sight; it hasn't a very inviting look.

DAVY. No excuse, Tom; I'm too tired to criticise.



TOM. Here we are, it's a rough path, but the old cave is welcome; there's a quarter of a million in sight right around here, and now our journey is at an end; (they turn the rocks).

LIVELY MUSIC UNTIL DAN ENTERS.

DAN (outside). Tom—Davy,—hullo-o-o.

DAVY (on platform, at mouth of cave). So here we are. (Davy looks around. Tom and Davy enter cave).

DAN (appears on the run, loaded down with guns, pickaxe, shovel, crowbar, etc). Bad luck to the city fathers in Arizona, the roads are worse than the Galway cowpaths, and one has to load himself like a jackass; oh, tear-an-nouns, me shoulder is breaking, and these revolvers are cutting the sides out of me. Hullo, Tom! Davy, hullo-o-o-o!

TOM (enters from cave, and looks around). Come on, Dan, it's a clear road now.

DAN. It's about as straight as Buck Dolan's nose; begorra, you could hang a bucket on it: (falls over rock) bad luck to those steps.

DAVY (calls out). Here we are, Dan; look out for the boulders.

DAN. Boulders. Begorra, I'll be boulder and older when I come this way again; (falls over rock); bad luck to the carpenter that built these steps, (goes behind rocks and upon platform, falls on platform), the divel mend my toes; sure I can't travel any further; (crawls into cave, curtain draws up; Tom and Davy sitting on box and keg, as Dan crawls in; they laugh).

DAVY. What a miner Dan would make, Tom.

DAN. I'd rather be putting in coal in New York, and bedad but I think there's Indians around here.

TOM. Wait till to-night. (Laughing).

DAN (gets up, looks scared). (I'm going back).

DAVY. They can't find us here, Dan.

DAN. But I don't like to be too near me coffin, and to lose my fine head of hair, the pride of Aunt Jane, "oh, my nerves." (Imitates Aunt Jane).

TOM. We can hold a hundred Indians at bay in this stronghold.

DAN. If I had a little whiskey I'd get over the bay.

TOM (picks up a piece of quartz). See here, lads, how is that for a specimen?

DAN [takes it and looks]. Bedad, it sparkles like my Kitty's eyes; is it the real thing?

TOM. The real, genuine silver.

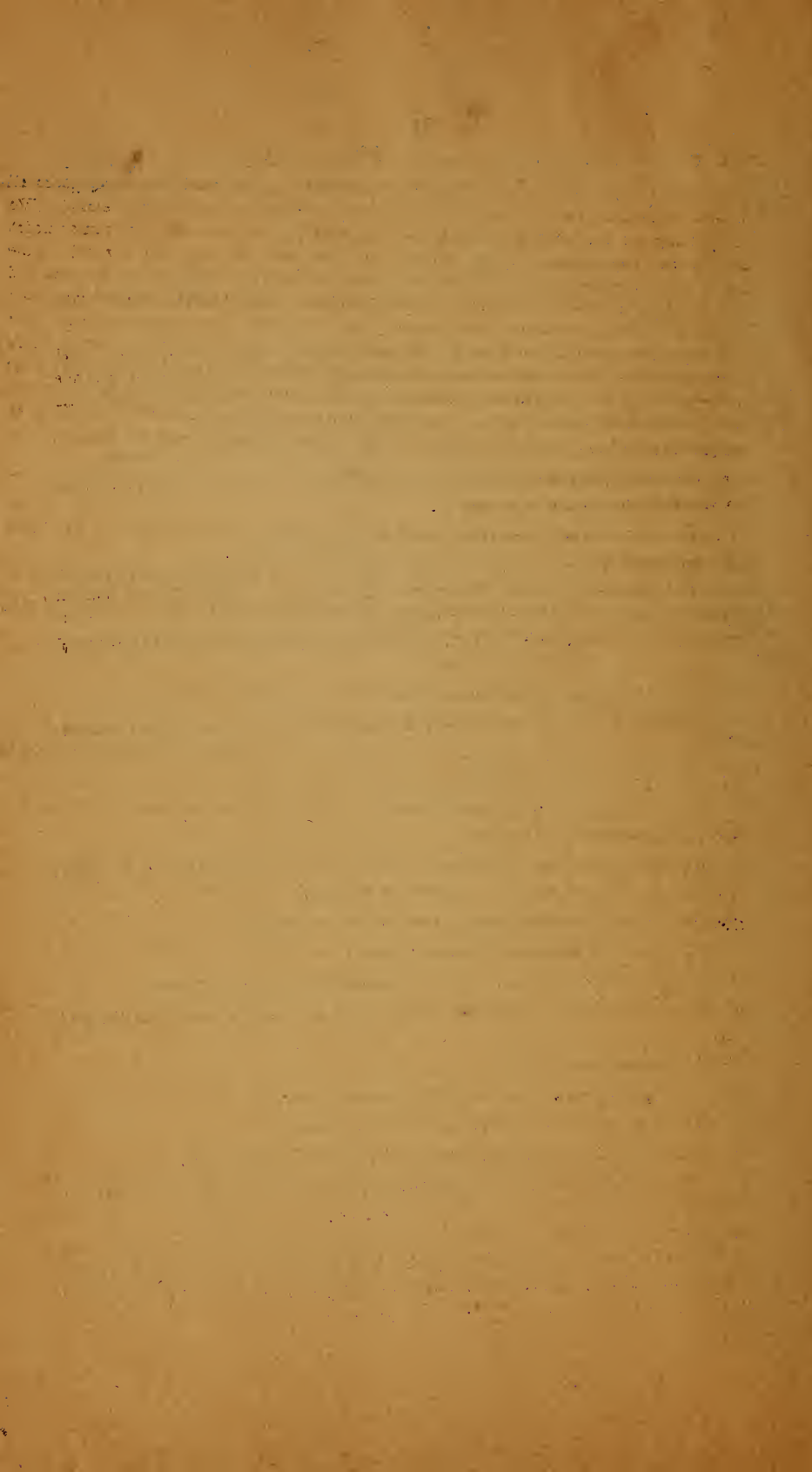
DAVY. Well, Tom, I am as glad as if the claim was my own.

DAN. You speak me own mind like a fortune-teller, Davy.

TOM. So you should be, for what's mine is yours; we'll go shares, boys.

DAVY. No, no, Tom; Dan and I would be ashamed to take what you have worked so hard for; no, no.

TOM. We'll see, but come, let's have a lunch; I'm quite hungry, and over it we'll talk about our return to New York; I've got an offer of \$300,000 for my claim; come, here goes; (takes lunch out of bag; eat and dumb show. Picards. Music until Pedro sets fire to sticks).



PÉDRO (enters on top of cave, looks over and listens on his hands and knees, looks all around, rises and beckons for one of his companions, who enters on rocks very easily). We see nothing, we hear nothing. (Looks at his waist). You got rope, (companion nods) give it me, (take rope from his waist). Me rope here; (he ties rope to rock). Now me go down, (points down to cave), and if all there, me pull rope three times; then you and rest of gang come down quick, but easy, you understand? [nods head yes. Pedro goes down to mouth of cave on his hands and knees, he crawls in a little, then comes out, gives rope pull three times, all go down to cave] All three in there, quick, back, to the spring, bring some dry sticks and turf; me smoke 'em out like ants; (three of them go for turf, Pedro looks at his pistol and knives, turns to Mexican); we will shoot them as they come out, or better, we will stifle them in their holes. (Mexicans return with sticks, turf and grass, put it to mouth of cave, then set it on fire and stand in line, pistols in hands, ready for work).

TOM (straightens up). There, I feel like a lord.

DAN. And ye ought to be one.

DAVY. Good, Dan, I second the motion. (Cue, piano trembles music until Davy falls on Tom's shoulder).

TOM (starts up). I smell smoke! My God! can it be we have been tracked; (goes to mouth of cave). By heavens! these Mexicans have followed us, and, like the Indians of old, are trying to smoke us out [looks at his pistols].

DAVY. What! Pedro and his gang.

TOM (looking out through the smoke). Yes, I can see the scoundrel.

DAN (taking off coat). How many are there—four?

TOM (smiles to Dan). Five, with Pedro; look at your weapons, boys; we may have to use them.

DAVY [looks]. All right, Tom; there's my hand [gives Tom his hand], we'll stand or fall together [they shake hands].

DAN (takes Tom and Davy's hand). I've nothing to say save we must make the best of a bad job, and Dan O'Mann is the same friend he was six years ago.

TOM. Good, Dan; we'll not be ashamed of each other; but should I fall—

DAVY. Oh, Tom! don't speak so, we will, if necessary, die together.

DAN. But somebody else will go before we drop.

DAVY. We know not what may happen; the smoke is getting thick, Tom. I have a secret; it affects both you and Dan; it brings a blush to my cheek to speak of it, for it has caused me many sleepless nights and great sorrow.

TOM (very soberly). I will not believe a mean act can be laid at your door.

DAN. I'd like to see the man stand before me and speak it.

DAVY (aside). I must tell them (with a sigh). You won't despise me, I—I had to do it, or die,—die in my young boyhood; 'twas indeed a sad one, but Pedro, with his knife to my throat, made me swear I would do it. (Weeps and rubs his eyes.

TOM (aside). Yes, its coming, poor boy.

DAVY (takes Dan and Tom's hand). It was, oh, God! it is hard. I,—oh, Tom, you will forgive me; I have suffered enough; it was I—I—Tom, who placed the pocketbook in your coat. (He sinks to the floor).

TOM [lifts him up]. DAVEY, my friend, my brother, I know of this, and as I believe in God, I forgave you long, long ago.

DAVEY [falls on Tom's shoulder]. Thank heaven for those words. [The smoke rushes into cave, they start back. They look at their pistols and get ready to rush out. Cue, thank heaven for these words. Piano hurry, and swell it until Pedro. End of scene.]

PEDRO. They can't stand it much longer; look out boys, they'll soon make a rush. (Tom and Davy stoop and creep to the mouth, then make a rush, take the gang by surprise. Two go over backwards; they grapple other three. Dan grapples big one; Tom, Pedro; Davy small one. Tom and Davy struggle off around rock; Dan and other struggle back and fall over rock, and the flat draws off R., set rock draw a off, the cave is on a frame, and all the rocks run and set steps are on wheels; all draw off at once. This to be a transformation scene to Scene 2nd).

SCENE 2ND,—ACT 4TH.

Full stage, old tumbled down dobie house R. B.; steps of tumble down structure from house to stage, side of house two old stone pillars each side of steps, one of the back pillars is half broken off; the piece that has broken off is on the bank B., has nose on it, high window front, no glass in, but one-half of long curtain hung from top to the bottom of window; old worn brown curtain ten feet long, five feet wide, partially drawn aside to show inside of room in the moonlight which shows into room, top of trees show over house. House at the foot of the Santa Cutrena Mountains beside Sycamore Spring, one large cottonwood tree. In front of spring L. C. high set rocks, set water for ground, an old tumble-down dobie house on bank L.; bank runs from spring at a triangle back five feet up and eight feet at the front; the stage up with old pieces of the ruins painted on it. Mountains in the distance, a deep gap in the mountains; water starts at the top and runs over rocks until it strikes a small body of water; then it runs over a flat rock and fall of four feet and drops into the into the spring. Moon is about two hours up, shows across stage, strikes on the water, and shows old house inside and out. R. set bank. C. B. set square rock side of stump, to sit on L. of stage to be in the shade of the moon. House is dark. West and Mexican servant discovered seated on stump and set rock.

WEST. Can I depend on you?

MEXICAN. Yes, but you must pay now. (Holds out hand).

WEST [takes out money]. Is the old man upstairs? (Hands him roll of bills).

MEXICAN. He is sick, he cannot leave his room.

WEST. Has the Irishman been around here?

MEXICAN. Yes; but not for a week.

WEST (aside). Ah, Pedro didn't fix him then; well (rising), I'll be back in half an hour; are you sure you heard him say it was in a secret drawer?

MEXICAN. I swear it.

WEST. If you are true to me, and I get the will, I will give you \$1000; now I will leave you; remember, I will come by the back way.

MEXICAN. All right; I no forget. [Exits into house].



WEST. Where can Pedro be? (Looking around). He said he would be here; yes, he'll keep his word, and, if I but get the will, and mine be accepted at the court, I shall be the richest man in Arizona; and if Pedro has finished that cursed Tom, I'll marry the daughter, and then for a high life in New York. Ha, ha. (Exit behind house up over rocks. Live-music until on. Dan and Davy enter from house, come on stage).

DAN. Well Davy I feel a great deal better, but do you know I think those clay colored blackguards will not give it up.

DAVY. [Takes seat on stump.] I agree with you; but if things turn out well, we'll soon be in New York, happy and independent.

DAN. Begorra, if Dan O'Minn gets there with a whole head of hair, I'll marry Kitty and pray more regularly.

DAVY. Never fear, we'll get there; but I'll run up and see how father is.

DAN. Sure I'll go, Davy; and you can sit here in the moonlight. [Starts but turns.] Here, take my pistols, [gives him pistols, he enters house, stands in window, starts back in astonishment.] Holy St. Patrick! [whispers] but it's nothing but divilment and fighting in this country. [Backs to door and beckons to Davy, who approaches; they see two men at the escritoire.] Davy, did you hear the old man say the will was in the escritoire?

DAVY. [Yes, but he died without telling where the secret drawer was, [points] see, they seem to have found it; quick Dan, or I may lose all the old man left me.

DAN. [Takes pistol from Davy]. You go out and watch, Davy, and don't come in until I call for help; look out, for there's more of them round; shoot whoever approaches, and shoot quick; now go. (Davy goes on stage, takes pistol, looks at it, then steps behind rocks to watch. Dan goes in room, pistol in right hand, goes up behind Mexican, who is at draw, puts pistol to his head and grasps him by the collar, presses him back at the point of pistol). Now go. [Piano trembles until West exits].

WEST. (At drawer, fumbling with papers). Ah, I have it, (moves to the back looking at papers). Come, follow me into the back room! [exit back in E. Dan turns, looks after West, FORTE HURRY UNTIL WEST EXITS 21 TIME, Mexican grabs hand that pistol is in; Dan drops it, they struggle, fall, Dan throws him out of window R. Dan turns to pick up his pistol, but is grabbed by West].

DAVY. [Outside, very nervous look at house]. Oh, what can be the matter? [Dan and West have a hand to hand combat; they clinch, fall and roll about stage; West has the will in his belt; they roll off the steps on the stage; Dan gets the will; they both rise, strike at each other, both fall; Pedro enters from bank, Davy jumps from behind rocks and points pistol at Pedro]. Throw up your hands! [Up they go, West and Dan roll over stage, West gets up and runs off R. B. of house. Dan gets up and sees Pedro with hands up; he takes his knife and pistol, then drags him to front, Dan starts back]. Davy, look, look at the divel! By the Rock of Cashel! What luck! Take a look at him! Ain't he a daisy?

DAVY. By Jove, Dan, it's Pedro!

DAN. Look out, Davy! he might have a cannon; keep your pistol on him. (Davy covers him]. So, so, me buckho, you've walked into the parlor, "said the spider to the fly." [Davy's father enters from house in his shirt-sleeves, no vest on, bare head, with walking cane, comes forward].

TREMBLE HOME, SWEET HOME, UNTIL CURTAIN.

DAVY (turns, sees his father). Dad, see, 'tis father. (He comes to L. C. Pedro C. Dan R. C. Davy L. C.)

DAN. Poor old man, he can't stand it much longer.



DAVY, (with pistol still on Pedro). Father, see, there stands the Italian, Pedro, who treated me, when a lad, like a dog.

FATHER, (staggers to the side of Pedro, and grasps him by the throat). Dog of an Italian!

PEDRO (staggers back.) Take him on, -t-a-k-e him off, he is mad.

FATHER. Down on your knees! down, or by the God that made me, I will kill you! (Pedro forced to his knees). Now, you imp of hell, speak out, as you hope for heaven's mercy! Tell me how you treated my poor, dying wife. (Takes knife from Dan).

PEDRO. Spare my life, and I tell all: I leave the country: I do anything.

FATHER. Tell me all, and your worthless life shall be spared.

PEDRO. Your wife and baby came to live in the house with me; I lived in New York; she was sick, and could not pay rent, and soon grew worse; she sold everything she had, table, chairs, bed, stove, all. I sold them to a man who would not pay me, and—

DAVY. (With feeling). Oh, God! Father, I remember now, dear mother told me that the money for some things she had sold had not been paid her, and, (points to Pedro), *you* were the one who sold them, and *lied* to my poor dying mother.

FATHER (Weeping, lifts knife above Pedro's head). Did you do this?

PEDRO. I—I—do—not—remember. (Crouches).

FATHER. Tell me, or your guilty soul sinks to hell.

PEDRO. I—I—did—not give—her the—money. (Drops to stage, head touches the stage).

FATHER. (Turns eyes to Heaven). Monster, may Heaven's curse rest upon you. I—oh, my wife, my poor dying wife. [Turns to Pedro]. Did you do by this lad, our child, as you promised his dying mother?

PEDRO. I—did—not.

FATHER. [Weeping bitterly]. Tell me who buried her, and where was she buried? If you tell me the truth I will spare you; if you lie, I'll kill you on the instant.

PEDRO. I left her dying; I took the boy; I kept him a week,—I never heard of the mother after—

FATHER. [grasps him by the throat] Liar, speak out.

PEDRO. [Trembling.] I—mean—in a week I went back, and—and, (covers his face with his hands). Oh, I cannot tell, I cannot tell.

FATHER. Quick, man! Don't you see I am growing weak? The truth—the truth!

PEDRO. I found her dead, [father starts], oh, I cannot tell.

FATHER. Out with it.

PEDRO. I found her dead and the rats.—

FATHER. (Drops knife and falls into Davy's arms.) My God, oh my poor wife! (Davy supports his father. Pedro jumps up, picks up knife, raises it to stab the old man, when Dan, who is at R. C., fires and shoots Pedro; falls C. dead. Father recovers and with uplifted hand).

FATHER. [Davy, your mother is avenged].

DAVY. Amen.

DAN. That's the first dish of macaroni I ever spoiled.



LIVELY OPENING MUSIC.

ACT 5TH—SCENE 1ST.

Full stage, box scene, bay window in F. B. Side of window facing audience; a colored curtain with lace on one side, window up from stage two feet, front of window open on stage with lace curtain; three steps with carpet on them to come on stage; piazza showing through window strong enough to walk on in couples; piazza runs all around room by the C. D.; high window each side of C. D., with lace and colored curtains; steps to come on stage from C. D. door with carpet on steps. Large lamp on table, hanging lamp in centre of room with four shades on it. Set of furniture, rustic settee, and chairs on piazza, mountains and streams of water running down gap in mountains to show through windows. Moon shines on stream, plants on piazza, one large table in C. of room. Set door L. in flat with lamp to show light in hallway L. D. in F.

WEST. [Enters from C. D., hangs hat on and places his cane in rack, arranges his hair in glass in rack, turns, and comes to front of room. Enter Kitty from off piazza, through bay window]. Good morning, Kitty, you are looking as sweet and charming as a rose on a bright May morning.

KITTY [R. C. bows]. I don't know about that sir; but I am as happy as a lark, and I ought to be, for we leave for New York this week.

WEST. [Starts]. Indeed, I had not learned of that; I trust Miss Florence is well.

KITTY. She is well, and as happy as well sir, and Aunt Jane, too; why she actually kissed me this morning.

WEST. And I know you deserved it; but Kitty, has that miner been here lately, the one they call Tom?

KITTY. No, sir, he was here. [puts hand to head] let me see, about a week ago, but he did not stay long. [Bell rings.] I must go, sir. (Exits D. in F. L.)

WEST. Yes, things are working well. I have another throw, I'll load the dice and, [looks about him] I'll win, for the lawyer has the forged will, and will read it before them all. It took a cool thousand to bring him—ha, ha. [Gets hat and cane, going]. I'll go down into the billiard room. [Exit by bay window R. Enter lawyer from C. D. Middle aged man. Looks around.]

LAWYER. What, no one here? Ah, I wish it was over. I don't quite like my part in this scheme.

DAN [enters, followed by Davy from bay window]. Sure, this is the finest room I've seen since I left New York. Davy, how do I look any how? [Turns around].

DAVY. A regular Count De Orsay, a perfect Admirable Crichton, Dan.

DAN. Don't flatter me, but will your father be here, Davy?

DAVY. No Dan, he is too ill to leave his room.

DAN. (to lawyer). How are you sir? (Holds out hand, they shake.) dye yer mind this cut, me old buck?

LAWYER. [Smiling.] Your suit is very artistic, and becomes you much.

DAN. [aside, strutting.] Sure, he takes me for an artist

DAVY. Mr. Farley, I have been anxious to see you.

LAWYER. Indeed, I am glad to meet you. [Aside.] So this is the young man West is using me to rob.

DAVY. [Shakes hands; they come to F.] Mr. Farley, you are spoken of as an honorable man, and an able and upright lawyer. I am a stranger, young and almost friendless. I have no mother; she died when I was a little child; since that time I have not known a parent's love, 'till three weeks ago, when my poor father, after fifteen years of wandering, ten years of which he served as a slave on the coast of China, where he was captured by pirates, found me, his only child, here in Tombstone. You are the counsel of Mr. West; oh, sir, his claim is false; mine is founded in right and justice; you, sir, cannot at your age afford to do so foul a deed. Oh, no, give me your hand: mine is an honest one, [offers his hand]. Yours has been up to this time. Oh, sir, do not soil a reputation which it took you years to establish. [Lawyer grasps Davy's hand.]

LAWYER. [Earnestly.] Damme for an old fool! Give me the genuine will; you can trust me, and I will give this scoundrel a dose that neither man nor devil has an antidote for. (Davy gives him will).

DAN. [Jumping up]. Hurrah; but Davy would make the fine lawyer sure, I mean; oh, begorra, me heart is as light as me feet. (Dances.)

TOM. (Enters C. D.). Good morning. (Puts hat and coat on rack in hall way L.; comes forward, shakes hands with all). I thought I might be late; but I guess I am all right.

DAVY. Good morning. Tom, I've got something to tell you. (To lawyer) You don't care, Mr. Farley.

LAWYER. No, sir; not at all. (Aside). God, I feel as happy as a lord.

DAN. Give me your list, old Barley; sure, your heart is in the right place; you and I are of the same mind; this West is too bracing for us. (Aside). Begorra, he braces everybody.

DAVY. Mr. Farley, Dan—Farley.

DAN. I beg pardon, sir. [Bows].

DAVY. [To Tom]. Mr. Farley is my friend; his honest heart will not permit him to do so great a wrong.

LAWYER. Yes, he is right; I would not; now that I know the facts, for all the silver in Arizona.

TOM. (They shake hands). Give me your hand; your face sustains the decision. I thank Heaven that Arizona is blessed with a lawyer whose word of honor requires neither bond or oath.

DAN. Sure, you're a brick, Mr. Farley. Bedad, I'd stay in Arizona another year if yer axed me. [Aside]. Awow, Mr. West, yer don't know the yeast we've got for your loaf. [Enter Mr. Fiske, Aunt Jane, Florence, and Kitty from hallway L. Tom, Davy, Dan and Lawyer bow to ladies].

TOM. I trust this charming evening finds you in your usual excellent health, ladies, (shakes hands with Mr. Fiske and ladies). This is Lawyer Farley [introduces lawyer to all. Farley, Fiske and Davy at bay window].

FLORENCE. You are early, and your greeting is as cordial as complimentary. I think I can safely say, Mr. Kimball, that Papa, Aunt, and myself are in excellent health. [Seats at table with Tom and Jane].

DAN (to Kitty). Arrah, Kitty, she's the finest jewel, barring yourself, in the whole world.

KITTY. Now, Dan, none of your blarney.

DAN. Blarney, is it; is religion blarney? Is ice hot? (Kitty smiles).

FLORENCE (looks at Dan). Why Dan, Aunt Jane and I hardly knew you; have you track silver?

DAN (looks at himself and watch-chain, then at Kitty). Silver is it? no, not silver, gold. [Puts arm around her. All laugh].

KITTY. Now Dan, I'll just box your ears.

DAN. Name the day, darling, and I'll buy you a pair of boxing gloves, and you can pounce on my beautiful face all day. [Makes a wry face].

DAVY. Dan is going to stand for Nicol the tailor when he reaches New York, ladies.

AUNT JANE. He'd better hire out to the board of aldermen to light the street lamps, with that head of his. [All laugh].

DAN. Sure I'll be chairman of the board, and I'll make your friend Mr. West night inspector of the streets; then they won't need any gas. [All laugh].

AUNT JANE. You saucy imp, to speak disrespectful of such a gentlemen. [Strikes at Dan].

DAN. [Runs away and keeps looking at his watch chain]. Indeed, I ax your pardon; I couldn't speak ill of a gentleman, [aside] and I didn't either.

WEST. [Enters Aunt Jane, rises and goes to greet him].

AUNT JANE. My dear Mr. West, I am so glad to see you. [Shakes hands. West puts hat and cane in rack.] I am delighted to see you, Miss Fiske, and you Miss Florence. [Advances and takes her hand].

FLORENCE. (Rising). You are welcome, sir.

WEST (shakes hands with Mr. Fiske). Also you, sir, so you leave for New York this morn'g: how I envy you.

DAN, [aside]. Begorra, but you'll change your tune in about five minutes.

MR. FISKE. Yes, Mr. West, we leave this week, and I cannot say I am sorry.

AUNT JANE. Sorry, the only sorrow we have Mr. West is that you cannot accompany us, isn't it, Florence?

WEST. Thank you, I shall soon follow. [Sees lawyer at window]. Why, Mr. Farley, I did not know you had arrived. [Whispers] Is it all right?

LAWYER (whispers) It is all fixed.

WEST. Pardon me, friend; but as we are all together, I would like to have my lawyer read a document, which will somewhat affect the future of one or more present. [All attention].

DAN (aside). You may bet your life on that.

WEST. I have lately come into possession of a great deal of property, but my lawyer will explain.

LAWYER [takes seat at table; all sit around except West, who stands behind lawyer; lawyer reads out two wills.] Ladies and gentlemen, I have here two wills; one is genuine, the other is a forgery. I will, as I have a right, [West bending over lawyer.] tear up the forged one. [Tears it up. West smiles and rubs his hands. Lawyer commences to read lawyer's will].

WEST. [Picks up the pieces of the forged will and looks at them, then breaks out.]
 Inhuman! Farley, you've destroyed the wrong one.

LAWYER. Yes, I have destroyed the wrong one, you double dyed scoundrel! [All start]
 and I denounce you as a bold, bad, but a foiled man.

WEST. (Shakes his fist in his face.) Betrayer and liar!

TOM. [Advancing to West.] Hold [All start back at the command.] I also denounce you as one whose villainy in a distant city caused an innocent man two years imprisonment; I, villain, am that man; you are the scoundrel who had your pocket book placed in my coat hanging on the wall in my humble room; you got an Italian who forced a poor little newsboy, whom I had befriended, and who loved me, to put the pocket book in my pocket; you sold my invention stolen from my room, for \$100,000; your tools almost murdered the little lad and another friend whom I left to guard my property, while I was conveyed to a distant prison. There stands the faithful Irishman. [points to Dan] and here is [points to Davy] the newsboy known as Davy the mail boy!

WEST. (Starts forward.) Upstart and liar.

DAVY. (With flashing eyes, points at West). You are the upstart and liar; what my friend Tom says is as true as holy writ; never, since the pallid lip of my dying mother pressed this brow had a falsehood passed my lips. You hired Pedro, an Italian assassin, to steal the invention of my friend, and with a knife at my throat, forced me to commit a crime which has followed me all through my young life; but I am forgiven.

TOM. (Shakes hand). That you are, Davy! that you are.

DAN. Oh, bedad, the yeast is rising in the West now.

TOM. (Rings bell. Officers appear). Officers, do your duty. (Officers advance to West, puts handcuffs on West). Officer. Come, sir.

WEST. (To officers): Produce your warrant.

OFFICER. (Producing papers). Here it is. (Officers take West off C. D.)

AUNT JANE. [Weeps, falls as she thinks, in her brother's arm, at West's exit. She looks up]. Oh, brother, is this true? I—oh, my poor nerves. (Falls into Dan's arm).

DAN. (Who is at R. catches her). Look at the sleeping beauty. (Aunt Jane comes too, and screams; she clears herself of Dan and runs after him and tries to strike him with her fan).

AUNT JANE. How dare you—you stupid, grinning baboon.

FLORENCE (to Aunt Jane). Never mind, Auntie (to Tom), but what does this mean, Mr. Kimball?

TOM. It means Florence, that this West is none other than— (officers bring West out who stand in C. D. back; all turn and cry out Mercer).

MERCER (he comes to stage and stands between officers).

TOM. Yes, Mercer, the unscrupulous villain, who resorted to a crime, base and cowardly, to rob a man who never did him an injury.

WEST (very sarcastic). Yes, Mercer, though tripped and powerless, yet still defiant. I despise and loathe you; you are out of your element among respectable people; I care not for your good will, nor your contempt; (turns to Dan), and as for your Irish friend, his ignorance matches your own contemptible origin [turns to officers]. I am ready.

DAN. Oh, my fine gentleman, so I am a poor ignorant Irishman, am I? Well, I ha— rather be in my humble place, and know that with all my ignorance I never went back on my old mother's teachings, than have your fine breeding, and know I had spurn'd me mother's dying counsel.

MERCER. I suppose you learned that pretty speech from your upstart.

DAN. No, it comes from an honest heart—a thing you never knew.

DAVY. (Takes Dan's hand). Never mind, Dan; you never, as he has done, disgraced an honest name. (To Mercer). Scoundrel, had you the manhood of Dan O'Mann, you would never have known a felon's cell.

MERCER. (With sarcasm). So, ho, my newsboy graduate, you also have a pretty speech.

TOM. Davy, leave him to me; he robbed me, and had his foul plans succeeded, both Dan and yourself would now be where he I am afraid will never reach. You say I am out of my element in respectable society, that my origin is obscure and tainted; learn then that Clara Foster, your mother's,—[Mercer starts back, puts hands to his head.] friend and schoolmate, was my mother; that John Strong the New York merchant, who died abroad, was my father; and now sir, for the sake of your mother, my mother's friend, I give you your freedom. [Tom goes to Florence, who is at table, takes Florence's hand, they converse, dumb show, West is back to C. D. on stag, head hangs down on his chest, hands to his side in deep remorse.]

MR. FISKE. Both myself and sister forgive you the deception you practiced towards us.

TOM (turns, rises and goes to C.). You are free. Officers, you may go. (Tom takes Florence to bay window, Aunt Jane and Mr. Fiske R. at table, lawyer L. in arm chair with Davy side in chair, Dan and Kitty R. on sofa.)

DAN (to Kitty). Now Kitty, name the day, and we go to New York, settle down on our grand estate and raise pigs and praties.

KITTY. Yes, little ducks and little chickens.

DAN. And little Duns and Kittys by the dozen. (Kitty pushes him off sofa). For shame, Dan O'Mann.

DAN. And with the money Davy's going to give me I'll buy me, etc.—

KITTY. And what am I to have?

DAN. Oh, something, etc.—

DAVY (comes forward). And now my kind friends, having set the example, may you ever follow a mother's teaching and ever treasure a Mother's Memory.

END OF ACT. LIVELY MUSIC.



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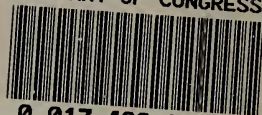
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END OF ACT. LIVELY MUSIC.

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